



A true line needs no lash

VOL. VI NO. 15

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Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

**Thoroughbreds In England
Continue To Sell Like
Diamonds And Bonds**

Last week in this department of The Chronicle some comments were made, and illustrative figures from current audits cited, to show that Thoroughbred values were soaring in England, while in this country they had collapsed in a most deplorable manner.

The late English sales showed an advance of some 70 per cent over two years ago; over \$500,000 was paid in two days for about 300 animals at Newmarket; an untried brood mare brought \$68,000; all under the hammer.

Private sales are booming similarly. A fashionable stud now being dispersed by the buyer who took it over en bloc is bringing him profits in resales already above the \$100,000 mark, with only about half of the animals yet disposed of.

"Turfmen and breeders," said the cable dispatches, "were buying Thoroughbreds like diamonds, stocks and bonds in ordinary times."

Having called attention to this extraordinary condition, going on in face of the fact that at the same time England is in the throes of a mortal struggle in which her national existence and Empire are at stake, and that had not the U. S. come to her aid her doom in effect was sealed, attention was farther called to the awful slump in Thor-

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FAIRFIELD & WESTCHESTER HOUNDS

Stanwich Road,
Greenwich,
Connecticut.
Established 1913.
Recognized 1914.



Two days ago, I got back from a fourteen day leave, six of which were spent in transit and eight in and about Greenwich.

On three of those days at home, the first since last April, I had the pleasure of hunting with my old pack. The Fairfield and Westchester.

It is impossible to express the thrill of getting back again into the saddle and of watching hounds work that you have raised but last seen as puppies on their first walk.

Only one thing spoiled or rather detracted from the three days of sport and that was that my joint-master, Mrs. Howard P. Serrell, who has been carrying on so successfully and

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An Enjoyable Afternoon With Treweryn Hounds

**Beaglers Are Provided With
Two Hours Of Sport By
One Crafty Hare**

BY R. P. W. HARRISON

When the morning sun rose over the rolling Chester County countryside on Sunday morning, December 5th, a very light trimming of fresh white snow lay over hill and dale. Only faint traces of the season's first touch of snow remained that afternoon when Treweryn Beagles met a Field of some 25 beaglers at Mr. Upton Sullivan's Gate. The sun shone warm and bright, the ground was damp and a cold breeze out of the northwest kept the mercury ranging in the thirties.

Treweryn's acting Joint-Master, Stockton White, knew just about where an old hare would be squatting on the Sullivan Farm, and upon arriving at the meet he moved off to jump her ahead of hounds. This mission was accomplished in less time than it takes to tell, for, before Bob Harrison had moved off from the meet with the 11 1-2 couple of Treweryn pack, Stockton

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QUANSETT HOUNDS

South Westport,
Massachusetts.
Established 1920.
Recognized 1922.



Dear Bayard:

I am hoping you will get this letter about Christmas Time. I have been all fall writing it and if nothing more happens, will attempt to get it off shortly.

First, I know you will want to hear about the hunting. To my amazement, it has been the very best ever at Quansett. The country is alive with good healthy fine running foxes. I can only account for it by the number of rabbits they have to feed on, as the whole place is swarming with them. I think they will fare well this winter as ammunition will be very hard to get and the usual numbers of gunners will not be able to get out. Two weeks ago, the hounds had what Mark and Sivy tell me was the best day ever had at Quansett. I may say here that I got sick awhile back. Had a carbuncle on my neck and a fool doctor up in New Hampshire cut it open too soon, giving me a lovely strep infection.

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The Tattler And Ben Hur Report Good Hunting

**Goldens Bridge Hounds Give
Excellent Runs During
Month Of November**

Sunday, November 22

The run of the season to date. 17 couple of hounds and a field of 19 hardy hunters, met at Rock Ridge Farm at 2 P. M. Drew over Salem Center, Battery Farm (a sure find on every other occasion, but this time we failed to find) when we quickly headed for Peach Lake. We found in an open field on Phillip Ryder's farm. At first, hounds took the heel line, they were quickly called back and straightened out—and then we had a real run. Reynard ran in short circles for the first hour, sticking to swamps and very rough going, however, the pack finally made it too hot for this big red and he crossed Star Ridge Road via Mrs. Erastus Tefft's, H. H. Vreelands, and almost into the village of Brewster, then back by way of Storm's, Pfeffer's, over Star Ridge and marked to earth in Ryder's wood adjoining Peach Lake after 3 hours of fast going, and at other times, very good hound

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ROSE TREE FOX HUNTING CLUB

Media,
Pennsylvania.
Established 1859.
Recognized 1904.



The French have a word for it—"eleve"! That's what I am at the moment, tres eleve! Not from a fox hunt. Not at all. In fact I just came in after not finding hounds! It was so cold and windy that at first there was "no hunting today" and then "Hounds would go out at the kennels instead of at Gradyville." It seemed cruel for Louis to have to hack horses all the way to the Kennels in this biting wind—(especially when I shouldn't use gasoline to motor over!). I elected, therefore, to try to pick hounds up, after they drew Fordel and Greenbank Farms, in Dr. Gibbons' or Black Oak Farm. But something went amiss. Either hounds found and went to Allen's Hollow, or Foster Reeve, Master protem since M. F. H. Alexander Seller's broken collar bone keeps him off a horse (but not from faithfully following in a car and on foot!) decided to call it a short day. To tell the truth in my present exalted mood I don't much care. I came in the house af-

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Students Learn Art Of Hunting At St. Peter's

The St. Peter's Foot Beagles is unique in that it is the only harrier, basset hound, or beagle pack connected with a school which is listed by the National Beagle Club. Established in 1940 and recognized in 1941, we remain one of the youngest packs; but already seem to be, under present war conditions, as active as any and larger than most.

Supported by a group of nearby interested friends of the school, Arthur T. S. Kent, then a master at St. Peter's, acquired five couple of hounds in April, 1940 from the Kingsland Beagles. Mr. and Mrs. Kent carried on through the end of the 1940-1941 school year assisted by an enthusiastic group of boys and younger masters. With the transfer of the Kents to New Canaan, Conn., hunting was carried on with difficulty during the fall of 1941. After Pearl Harbor, it was obvious that Mr. Kent could no longer come each Sunday to Peekskill to hunt. At the same time it was recognized by the boys, who were whippers-in, that the hounds were not being taken care of properly by a hired part-time kennel boy.

In January, 1942 our affairs were reorganized from top to bottom. Under the direction of Richard Orcutt, Jr. '42, a group of students volunteered to take over the kennel care and exercise of the hounds, the writer was appointed Master, gifts or "duration" loans of hounds were obtained from Bailey's Mills, Reading-

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VICMEAD HUNT

Wilmington, R. F. D. 1,
Delaware.
Established 1921.
Recognized 1924.



Thursday Nov. 19th. Hounds met at the Mitchel farm in the Manor Country, at 1 p. m., Mrs. Richard du Pont, Acting Master, and it proved to be an epic day. Seven foxes were viewed; three accounted for one lost, and the seventh hunted until 6 p. m. (by moonlight), when hounds were whipped off his line on Middle-Neck, below the Bohemia River, after a magnificent 55 minutes and a 12 mile hunt.

The beginning of the afternoon was rather hot and bright, and scenting conditions difficult. Hounds could do little with the first fox viewed by Charlie in the Mitchell Covert, but soon opened up on the

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Hunting Notes:-



TO THE MASTERS

We ask you to send in notes to the BERRYVILLE office each week. Hunting men away in the service read their Chronicle, we send it to them.

COLUMBIA HUNT CLUB

Hayden Island,
Portland,
Oregon.
Established 1929.
Registered 1940.



The Thanksgiving Hunt at Columbia was a joint hunt of the Junior and Senior Hunts. By way of explanation at Columbia there are three distinct groups—The Columbia Hunt, The Columbia Junior Hunt and the Columbia Colts. The Juniors have their own officers and hunt staff, conduct their own hunts monthly and are composed of young people in high school and Junior college. The Colts are some 50 grade school youngsters who also have their own officers, exercise the puppies and learn as much about hunting as possible in order to be ready to go into the hunting field as soon as they are old enough.

Ryta Esh, one of Portland's most enthusiastic and capable horsewomen, was kind enough to turn over her notes on this hunt to your scribe, who was one of many engaged in war work and unable to participate in the meet. Thirty-one riders arrived at the club and were mounted by ten a. m. and the hunt moved off on schedule. As there had been two weeks of steady downpour and the day was no exception, all members of both staff and field were in oilskins. There were derbies, hunting caps and toppers donned with oil silk coverings—and over all plenty of good spirit undampened by the weather.

The first course was a very long one running for several miles from near the far tip of the island up through the meadows below Turtlelake through Blue woods across the island and down along the sandy beach of the Columbia river. Every usually dry ravine and gulch was flooded to swimming depth and a terrific windstorm the preceding Saturday had piled up some unexpected log jumps in the wooded sections. Mr. A. W. Davis, Columbia's "official fox" laid the drag with his hunter Colonel Bill. This time he really outdid himself on a clever trail for hounds to work. Cricket, Fencer and Belle seemed to take the lead on the line most of the time and each course was better than the last—the final check being at about 1:30 with hounds called off at the end of the meadow at Mirror Lake. Five and a half couple were used. The horses seemed to enjoy the hunt almost as much as the riders. There were no spills or accidents of any kind and we are very

A Request To The Hunts

This being the hunting season, we would appreciate pictures of meets, or of hounds in any interesting spot during a day's run. We think it will mean much to the men you have away in the services. We would like to use them. Thanks in anticipation. Remember to identify riders.

proud of our junior riders, all of whom had their mounts well in hand in the open and collected for all jumps.

Returning to the hunting field. With us after nearly a year's absence due to ill health was our past president Mr. Jack Loehr, up on his sturdy hunter Snipper Finnagan; and a guest for the day was Mr. Stewart, formerly of the London Ontario Hunt. The staff was made up of both Junior and Senior Hunt members—Mr. George Plumb, M. F. H., on Black Out; Charles W. Chapman, Huntsman on Wonder Boy; whippers-in G. K. Cavenah on Sellm, Norman MacArthur on Sir Whitney, and Captain Bill Bryan on Bounder and Albert Dockerell, Jr., M. F. H., on Mrs. Charles Stocklen's Sugar Foot. Miss Ryta Esh with her Merriane Churchill acted as field master.

Absent from the staff was Erroll Ostrum, Hon. Whipper-in, Lt. Ostrum having been called to active duty in the Army last month. Miss Thelma Farmer and James Farmer were also missed. In anticipation of gas rationing on the Pacific Coast, Thelma and her father left earlier in the week for home in Boise, Idaho to get their hunters Dick and Tony into the home stables for the duration. L. A. O.

CAVALRY SCHOOL HUNT

Fort Riley,
Kansas.
Established 1921.
Recognized 1923.



Hunting goes on at Riley with large fields and splendid sport. On Thanksgiving Day we scheduled a coyote hunt and were rewarded with a run of about eight miles after a strong full-grown coyote. He was courteous enough to circle across the most beautiful riding part of the reservation so everyone had a delightful time. He finally dropped into Wolf Canyon and we were unable to find him. However, we were glad of that because he will be available for sport on another day.

J. C. Macd.

HOWARD COUNTY HUNT

Ellicott City,
Maryland.
Established 1930.
Recognized 1932.



The Howard County Hunt, with its completely honorary staff—and I must say second to none!—showed a medium sized field great sport on Thanksgiving Day when they met at Doughoregan Manor, the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Carroll who not only maintain the much loved old place as it used to be, but the little chapel adjoining the house opens its doors each Thanksgiving Day to those hunting and offer the privilege of enjoying a most helpful service.

The field moved off for a hunt over well farmed, rolling lands with just enough cover and open country to make it ideal. The landowners in Howard County show great courtesy to those hunting and this is greatly appreciated. Almost immediately this pack of American-bred hounds found a big red fox, who went straight away. He was viewed several times and with hounds well packed and in full cry, with only a couple of checks, gave the field a run of about 2 hours over the estates of Alexander Hohenlohe, James Clark and Phillip Carroll.

The Hunt has an efficient and well appointed hunt staff of whom any hunt could be proud, mounted on good, big, capable Thoroughbred hunters. It has been fortunate in securing for its president, Leo Butler who with his wife, adds so much to Howard County's atmosphere. T. Stockton Matthews was the former president and until this season, held office since he organized the hunt about 12 years ago, we owe him a lasting debt of gratitude. Augustus Riggs, who needs no introduction, makes everyone big and little, happy in the field and who being raised in Howard County knows everybody and is an outstanding master in every way. To everyone he is Gus, far and near. Waugh Glascock bought a farm in Howard County and came here to live, was prevailed upon to hunt the pack and is doing a swell "honorary" job. Mr. Glascock was Master of the Piedmont Hunt for 12 years and is splendid with hounds.

Charles Carroll is secretary, his wife, Ann, is not only pleasing to the eye but witty, gracious in the field, and a hard rider. Lewis Randall is vice-president, owns the half-bred steeplechaser, Monty R., and is the father of 11 children of whom some are always with their father in the field. Rigan McKinney mounted on one of his number of good going hunters, is a most efficient whip. Mr. McKinney is also a member of the paneling committee. Mrs. J. Wesley

FIRST CAVALRY DIVISION HUNT

Fort Bliss,
Texas.
Established 1933.
Recognized 1939.



Sunday, December 6

Hounds met at the Field Artillery Parade Grounds at 9:00 a. m. For the second time in two years, the sun was conspicuous by its absence and a cold drizzle and heavy going cut the field down to 17. The first drag was laid from the vicinity of the Powder Magazine towards Tobins Ruins. The combination of cold, and moist atmosphere, made for a very fast run of about 6 miles. After a short check the hunt turned towards Grease Wood Fold, but after a run of about half a mile, True Boy led the pack off the line and headed due east toward the Hueco Mountains. In a few seconds we caught a glimpse of the stern of a coyote as he whipped around a bondock, with True Boy hard at his heels. Then followed a fast twenty minutes during which time True Boy was never more than 200 yards behind the quarry. Finally the coyote must have decided that things were getting out of hand and dived into a handy den. In spite of a long wet ride home, the field agreed that this was the best hunt this year.

Edel is honorary whip, and a most picturesque member of the staff, snappy looking, and one of the keenest. Dr. and Mrs. Edel recently bought the old Dennis place near Ellicott City.

Those out Thanksgiving Day, other than the ones mentioned, were Mrs. Edwin Warfield, Miss Kitty Warfield, Mrs. Thomas Worthington, Miss Laura Hanna, Mrs. Harper Carroll, Miss Joan Randall, Miss Nancy Blunt, Mrs. James Clark, Augustus Riggs, son of the master, home for Thanksgiving from Front Royal, Va. Also L. Dawson Lee, Jr., from Front Royal; Jack Sharp, S. Pfeffeckokn, Harper Carroll, Bill Ridgley, Brook Galleon, William Whitehurst, Dr. Wesley Edel, Dr. Murray Fisher, Hardy Randall, John E. Richards, William Shackelford, Jr.

Next Saturday, John E. Richards has invited the field in after the hunt. Mr. Richards recently bought the old Height place, a most attractive setting situated in some of our best hunting country and a good run is, we hope, on for a hospitable afternoon such as this.

Hoping the next time I send in writing the war will be over and our sons, for whom with pleasure we try to carry on, through God's help, will be back in the hunting field—Alda Hopkins Clark.

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Fairfield-Westchester

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In the face of such difficulties during my absence, missed the first two days because of a short visit to her husband, Captain Serrell's station.

Before going into the details of the sport, I should like to say how it is being carried on during the war. Informality prevails with only the huntsman in pink. The pack and the hunt stable are cut to the bone, and many of the members are now stabilizing their horses at the kennels. Here a great part of the work is being done by the members themselves. The huntsman has only amateurs whipping in to him. In all of this work my joint-master is doing more than her share, assisted by the keenest group of young foxhunters I have seen in many years, and too much credit cannot be given to Mrs. Serrell, Huntsman Alton Gover, and their assistants to say nothing of the hunt committee and all the members.

Saturday, November 21st and my first day home, hounds met as chance and the card would have it, at the writer's stable. A field of eighteen turned out in a drizzling rain and hacked down the Widow Clarks Lane to John Street and the north end of Mr. Arthur Moore's big covert. Here, after drawing south for about ten minutes old Discord opened and after being honored by the rest of the pack and a little slow work, hounds finally warmed up on the line and ran their fox due south to mark him in near Old Mill Road after a run of only about fifteen minutes. By this time, the rain was fairly pelting down but the huntsman took hounds across Old Mill Road to Mr. Fairchild's covert. For fifteen minutes hounds drew south in the rain and it seemed almost as though the weather man had conspired with the foxes to ruin the day. Such, however, was not to be the case, for presently one of the young entry spoke and in less than no time the whole pack was hot on the line making the woods ring with as lovely music as these ears had heard in many a long day. South nearly to the parkway and then east and into Mr. Satterlee's and then north across Old Mill Road into Mr. Moore's woods driving hard all the time they flew. A rough three miles followed through streams that were narrow but deep and finally into the open fields just below Mrs. Cumming's big hill the pack drove their fox. The rain was pouring harder than ever by this time and hounds made a short loss, but swinging back in a wide cast picked up the line again and streaked across two big fields to the foot of Round Hill to be stopped by some undergrowth that was too thick for even a keen hound to penetrate. This run had lasted forty minutes and as the rain showed no signs of letting up, we took hounds in after a very fair morning.

November 26, 1942 (Thanksgiving Day), dawned clear and without wind so that when hounds met at the kennels at 10 A. M., a nice little field of twenty-eight turned out. The first covert on June's farm was drawn blank, but a wide ranging young hound found almost immediately after the field had crossed Howard Road into Lanier's. After one flash start, the pack straightened it out and ran their fox due north along the side of the hill to the far end of the Lanier property. The field had the benefit of a gallop over some of our best country and the pace was so fast that when the fox swung hard left towards the end of the run only six or eight of the first flight were there

to make the turn and only a few had the fun of seeing the fox worked in. Hounds had done a nice piece of work and this twenty-five minute run got the horses well settled down for the rest of the day.

The next covert was drawn blank and it was not until we had gotten to Lynch's that luck favored us again. Here Discord opened somewhat feebly but Pilot took it up and went off practically screaming. This hound is one of our second season hounds and as fast as anything in the pack. We were so much impressed with him and his brother when we first started working them that we raised three couple the following year of the same breeding and these have turned out to be the best of the young entry.

When hounds went out of the covert, they were running so hard that it was obvious they meant business so we pulled down our caps, prepared for a good run, and were not disappointed. Straight south through Lynch's open field across Stanwich Road into Joe Hale's then a wide swing left handed to Hendrick's Lane and north through Lanier Woods, they went. A short check at Farm's Road followed, enabling the field to catch up and be there just in time to start off on the second leg of the run. This was north toward the River Hills for about two miles then west across Mrs. Hoyt's property and straight across North Stanwich Road, Mr. Hekana's farm, North Street and into the Converse open fields. Here hounds made a loss and as we had been running for an hour and a half and were headed farther and farther from where our cars, with their three gallon rations, were parked, it was suggested that we draw back toward the kennels. This must have been one of the most brilliant runs of the season and even though hounds did not account for a fox, they were all in at the time we headed for home and the whole pack but one was with us when we got back to the kennels, which is unfortunately not always the case in our wooded countryside.

Saturday, November 28th, was cold with the temperature below freezing and a northwest wind. Hounds met at North Street Reservoir and a field of twenty turned out. It was quite a reunion as Buster Chadwell, our erstwhile first whip was down from Camp Devens and acted in his old capacity. Mrs. Serrell was back sharing the honors with the writer and in spite of the weather and rather poor scenting conditions it was possible to get two thirty minute runs. The first was moderately fast and hounds marked in their fox; the second was slow as the temperature was falling and hounds made a loss in a big swamp and never picked it up again. At this time the writer did something which he hadn't done for years, namely, leave before hounds were taken in. Train time and the end of my leave were approaching fast and as I rode over the hill and away, I could hear the sound of the horn fading in the distance and ringing the knell of another season's fox-hunting for—

Richard I. Robinson,
1st Lieut. A. C.,
(Joint-Master of Fairfield and Westchester Hounds)



Vicmead

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line of the second viewed away by Whipper-in J. Adams. This dark red one ran west across Mr. Metten's Lane and Pond and on to the Richard du Pont's Farm, where another fox afoot split the pack. Nine and a half couple swinging right-handed to the Mitchell and Brady Woods, accounted for their fox after a nice twenty minutes described later by Mr. and Mrs. George T. Weymouth, who stayed with them. Our remaining nine and a half couple swung left-handed after a momentary check in the slough, and we viewed the fox crossing Mr. du Pont's field very near the barns. Scent failed badly in the plough where hounds lost, although Bandbox, a former North Cotswold hound, distinguished herself here by her persistence and scenting ability.

Drawing on down to the West, through Mr. and Mrs. du Pont's land, in the Vale of the Bohemia River with its flights of wild duck and geese, hounds got up another brace of foxes, one of which provided a circling hunt before going to ground, on the Cott place.

Drawing to the north again, with the pack complete, hounds failed to find in the Shelton place, but were again successful on Richard du Pont's adjoining farm. This was a very rapid fox who went away to the south, crossing the St. Augustine Road and taking us over a wonderful line of panels before he went to earth on the Scott place, after a brilliant though short 12 minutes.

Mrs. E. du Pont Smith had very bad luck when her black mare went down in a hole after the second fence, and she had to pull out, and miss what followed. Drawing eastward as far as the Wilson Farm without any success, Hounds were ordered to be taken up at 4.45 p. m., but they jumped a fox on George Weymouth's place on the way home, and this was the epic run, and the fox really heroic.

Scent had obviously been improving all afternoon as the air got colder and was now excellent. Hounds streamed to the west to the Mitchell place, and then turned right-handed across the sand road into the Williams farm. They checked for a breathless moment in the deep sedge field, and then crashed away to the north to Mrs. M. B. Wilson's farm and on to William Price's. Bearing now to the east, they went on to Fox Park without lingering, swept through the C. W. Baker Farm and then checked slightly in the slough, before going on to the Julian Ford's. Swinging southward through the Richard Cleaver's and the Sharp place, they crossed into VanDyke's. Carrying a beautiful head, they flew on through Mr. VanDyke's meadow, to the Tibbett Farm where they checked. It was

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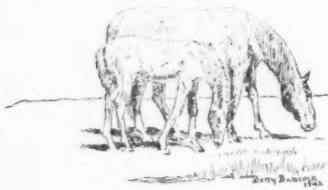
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Horsemen's News-



No "Bad Horses To Be Trained Is The Edict In Britain

By J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH

Lord Sefton, as Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, the other day at Windsor called together the owners and trainers available and gave them emphatic advice to get rid of their "bad horses". Failing such action by them his lordship stated that the Jockey Club would be compelled to take the matter into its own hands. Directions from the Jockey Club to those holding licenses issued by the ruling Turf authority are tantamount to law. Apart from this forage coupons will not be granted to trainers keeping animals which, by their performances, are classified as "bad". What is to become of these horses? Some owners may wish to keep them from sentimental reasons; other (and their trainers) may feel confident that certain horses are backward, that they have not yet come to their best, that they will pay for keeping until they have come to maturity. Many a race-horse sold cheaply as useless has later proved how wrong was this estimate. Yet, according to Lord Sefton's directions these must be "scrapped", and, in view of the conditions imposed by the Jockey Club, horses which have shown no form in 1942 will not be eligible to run in 1943. Trainers have had the straight tip not to include them in the 1943 list of horses under their charge. What are the owners to do with them? The same question was asked the other day at a bloodstock sale I attended. A lot of Thoroughbreds were sold very cheap and a prominent racing man asked "What can the buyers do with them?" It is a well-known fact that as blood 'uns have not the thick protective coats of common-bred horses, they cannot thrive and often become a pitiable bag of bones, if left out of doors in winter. It is a very old but true saying "Half the goodness of a horse goes in at its mouth". Without good keep the cleverest trainer cannot win with animals, nor can he hope to do so with those which have been on short commons in their early days. There are exceptions, of course, for it is on record that the famous Bee'swing never had an oat until she was a year old. Other exceptions to the rule could be quoted. It is probable now that a good many more horses will entirely disappear from the Turf, and that others will be temporarily retired in the hope of a speedy peace and their return to the track to prove that they were not in fact "bad" but backward. Owners who have stabling and fodder of their own will rough them up, and it is quite likely that amongst these animals will be shocks to handicappers, surprises to the public, and justification and satisfaction to those who manage to stick to them despite all difficulties. I remember that great trainer, the late John

Stallion Roster Notice

The stallions which will be listed in the annual National Stallion Roster will be correct, as far as possible, as of December 31, 1942. In this way The Chronicle's roster should be an authentic record for stallion reference during 1943.

So many of the Thoroughbred magazines and publications are short-handed that it is practically an imposition to ask them to assist us with the stallions in their own states. Because of this condition, it is more than ever up to the breeders and owners to contact us with regard to the stallions which will be at their studs this season.

There are still quite a few studs which have not been heard from. They are located in Texas, Wyoming, West Virginia, Tennessee, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Nevada, Minnesota, Michigan, Kansas, Indiana, Missouri, Louisiana and Washington. Some cards are still out in Virginia, New York, California, Kentucky and other states.

Present Day Spread In Horse Prices

By A. MACKAY SMITH

For the breeder, hunting and racing man and those who just ride for pleasure, the present day spread in horse prices offers the best market in many years. At no time that we can remember has the difference between the prices of really good horses and the common or garden variety been smaller. High class broodmares, yearlings, hunters, hacks and polo ponies are selling close to army and riding school prices all of which offers an unparalleled opportunity not only to those now entering the horse game but also to those who are already engaged in it. For example, not so many years ago if someone came along with an offer of \$1,000.00 for a broodmare of moderate class, we thought we were doing good business—and so we were—if we cashed her in and used the proceeds for part payment for a mare of stakes class at say \$500.00. Today our medium ware might not bring more than \$250.00. On the other hand at the fall sales stakes mares have been going for five and six hundred dollars. Today the spread is only a few hundred dollars, a few years ago it was in the thousands. Smart horsemen are already taking advantage of this fact. If you intend to stay in business don't miss the boat.

Porter, once saying to me "There are a lot of racers which are run and condemned before they are furnished. If owners and trainers would forget they had these loose-limbed babies for a few months; never let them see a racecourse or the gallops; do them well and give them long, slow work on the roads, they would find they had been entertaining classic winners unawares". John Porter knew what he was talking about!

For Sport's Sake

Some of the good trainers of steeplechasers cornered Charles Hatton some few days back. Trying to force his hand as to just why he could never say a good word for the sport. Before they were through with him, he backed down a good deal. Nevertheless, the crowning crime, and we mean it, against the steeplechaser, written by Hatton appeared in the Morning Telegraph of November 30, page 10. The whole article, in its reference to Steeplechasers, is too sordid a reflection on these honest and as a rule, good types, to even quote from in The Chronicle. Hatton would do well to put his leg over one of them to know what it is all about. He would at least have something under him, which is more than he would were he to get up on some of the weedy runts he is so willing to extol.

There was a good hurdle horse named *Intimidator*, back in the early days of this century, he came to Basingstoke, from the jumping parks outside London. His knees were as big as two round loaves of bread, he weaved, too. But he had a glorious disposition and a heart of gold. I bought him for 5 guineas, pocket money was not too plentiful for the boy at school and one had to hunt. That old chap took me to hounds with the Vine, H and H, and the South Berks, all the meets I could reach. He galloped on staff at the Hampshire Yeomanry manoeuvres at Churn and again at Swanage for the 1st Hants Regiment.

I tell you this because horses with a heart to go over 2 miles or so of fences, always have a spot in this world, where a good horse should be

respected, not maligned. Old *Intimidator* used to rap 'em pretty hard, but with his tongue over his bit and hanging out, he always got the two of us to the other side, and how he loved it. His shuffling walk home at night, and hearty appetite for his bucket of mash was a reward for any man's day to hounds.

Let Hatton take the suggestion, that he devote his caustic phrases to a spot where they would be legitimately applicable. Not to a sport, which he himself admits, has less of the dollar incentive than any other form of racing. It is "for sport's sake and better sport."

OKAPI

That Okapi is a good sort to breed to with mares that might produce a turn of speed over jumps in their get was pointed out in a late issue. Here are the measurements that should go to make his substantial conformation attractive also. Height 15.3, arm 24", cannon 10 1-4", girth 78 3-4", weight 1240 lbs. These are sent us by Carol Cornellson, manager at Brookmeade. Again, Okapi is quite a horse.

Hosiery Repairing Glove Repairing Glove Cleaning Re-weaving In-weaving

Southern Stelos Co.

613-12th St., N. W.

Washington, D. C.

Want A Christmas Present of a Springsbury Horse?

which means

Manners and Disposition

Choice of 5 Thoroughbreds

INDIRECTION

1 yr. ch. f. by Pilate. Full sister of Direction.
(Present for Race Minded Son)

ETALIP

2 yr. br. f. by Pilate. Has been tried by Percy Randolph.
Is very fast.

(Present for Brother)

AETHELENE

3 yr. ch. m. by *Aethelstan II out of granddaughter of Man o'War. Rhoda Christmas says she is fast. Is a beauty too.

(Present for Kid Daughter)

SECOND BEST

4 yr. br. m. 16 h., by Neddie—*Sun Briar mare; bought this year so must be good. Stylish hack. Jumps well.

(Present for Daughter in College)

AVALANCHE

5 yr. 16.1. Rockminster mare, in foal to Time Maker. Raised at Springsbury.

(Present for Dad. She'll keep you in horses the rest of your life)

TO BE SOLD AT

C. F. HENRY'S SALE

Monday, December 21st

Thoroughbreds
Continued from Page One

oughbreds in this country, where values have fallen no less than 42 per cent during the past twelve months, and far, far more than that in the past few years.

Many of the most aristocratically-bred and desirable yearlings in the country went begging for buyers at Saratoga last August; at Lexington, in the fall, they were almost given away. Sires and dams were drugs on the market.

Now, on top of this comes the latest big news from the American race tracks.

The scene was New Orleans, where the long winter meeting is now in progress.

Its hero was Whirlaway, who there made his appearance last Saturday before a crowd said to have exceeded 20,000 and to have been the biggest that ever attended the Fair Grounds track.

His vehicle was a \$20,000-added handicap, got up for the express purpose of securing him as an attraction.

He started a top-heavy favorite and won hands down; and his share of the stake-money brought his winnings up to the sum of \$560,211.

Make a memorandum of that. Then make another one of this fact:

To this day, thought her eras of the greatest prosperity, no English Thoroughbred has ever won more than \$291,275.

This having been Isinglass which horse was foaled in 1890—no less than fifty-two years ago.

During the past twenty years no horse has ever won as much as \$250,000 there.

Only nine, all told, have won as much as \$200,000.

This although here in America, at last accounts we have had winners of \$200,000 or more to the number of 26.

Eight are credited with over \$300,000 each.

St. Peter's Beagles
Continued from Page One

ton Foot, Buckram and Kingsland Beagles to build up the pack to hunting strength, and Chili Bean (Chevrolet Station wagon, vintage 1929) became the official hound truck. The 1941-42 hunting season ended on a high note with two kills, the first here on the school grounds, Dick Orcutt, Junior Master, carrying the horn, and the second on the Vanderbilt Webb farm in Garrison, N. Y., at the end of a long hunt.

After the 1942 spring vacation, kennels were constructed by the boys, "Bobby" McGay, and the mem-

bers, at the Saunders' farm in Garrison for summer use. Hounds were kenneled there for nearly four months during which they were exercised and hunted by the Master.

With the opening of the present school year, the pack was moved back to the kennels at St. Peter's, where the hounds remain under the care of the beagling group, students who have chosen beagling as their school sport.

I think that St. Peter's is fortunate in having beagling as one of its activities. Given the present small enrollment of the school covering a wide range of ages and sizes of students, it is very difficult to organize teams that are well balanced for contact sports such as football or soccer. Lacking indoor athletic facilities, basketball is not possible. Hockey and other winter sports are too dependent on suitable weather conditions.

Beagling gives old and young, small and large, fleet and slow of foot, an opportunity to enjoy healthy walking and running. Those who are more active and interested in hound work can whip. The less active either follow as hounds run or short cut and watch from a hill top.

In the field the student learns the art of hunting. He learns to allow for varying conditions of wind, weather, and scent, to know the habitat and characteristics of his quarry, and the peculiarities of the hounds in the pack. The hounds neither look alike nor act alike to the trained huntsman. Patience with the hounds must be developed as well as the power to appraise quickly changes in conditions.

The boy acting as Junior Master has many opportunities to develop leadership. Not only in the field but

Every one of them has appeared since the days of Isinglass. Glance also at some of the other comparative figures:

During the past year of 1941, the total amount of money raced for in Britain was considerably less than \$1,000,000.

It is safe to say that this amount was not exceeded, unless by a narrow margin, in 1942.

During the past year of 1942 the total amount raced in America for touched the almost incredible figures of \$17,987,225.

For 1942 the figures will be incomplete until New Year's Day.

It is, however, not improbable that, despite the blackout (an unnecessary and altogether ill-advised operation) in California, that gigantic sum may have been exceeded.

Yet—in England, men and women are buying Thoroughbreds "like they do diamonds, stocks and bonds" normally.

While in this country the breed is in the most terrific slump that it has experienced since the financial debacle of thirteen years ago.

What is the "moral" of all this? In plain terms, it may be summed up in the familiar figurative:—phrase.

"Something is rotten in the state of Denmark."

For Denmark read America—and that will do.

in the kennel, he sets the pace. He must obtain and hold the support of the other members of the beagle group. He must organize the feeding and care of the hounds. Unless he is to do all the work himself, he must learn to assign it fairly and then he must see that the work gets done properly.

Hunting hounds is a team affair. While the master assumes full responsibility for the direction of the hunt, the whips must cooperate to keep hounds under control. They must understand the tactics of hunting and be ready to head off the hounds if they suddenly run riot on deer or fox. Whips need to be as keen as the master, know each hound and be able to go along through any kind of country.

Kennel work requires the acceptance of real responsibility on the part of the boys. The regular routine must be followed faithfully and observation of the condition of the hounds must be keen lest illnesses develop in cumulative fashion.

Of particular advantage to the boys is the fact that the Sunday hunts with the members puts the boys into contact with older people who demonstrate a love of healthy outdoor exercise and of sportsmanship. The social activities, teas and breakfasts, train the boys in being at ease and mannerly in meeting other people. Meets at other schools serve to widen the acquaintance of the boys and to demonstrate to outsiders an interesting phase of life at St. Peter's.

All in all, I feel that full participation in beagling is of real educational value to boys of high school age. I have seen the best being brought out of each boy in the group. They are learning to care for animals.

Continued on Page Eleven

Tropical Park

WINTER MEETING

20 Days of Racing
December 21st to January 12th

6 Handicaps Minimum \$2,000
Purse Minimum \$800

LIBERAL OVERNIGHT FEATURE PURSES

EIGHT RACES DAILY

Spring Meeting—30 days—March 8th to April 12th

For Information Address
GABLES RACING ASSOCIATION, INC.
CORAL GABLES, FLA.

MILKMAN

(Property of Mrs. W. Plunket Stewart)

Will make the season of 1943 at
THE PLAINS, VIRGINIA

Broomstick	Ben Brush	Bramble Roseville
Cudgel	Elf	Gillard Sylvabelle
Eugenia Burch	Ben Strome	Bend Or Strathfleet
Milkmaid	The Humber	Break Knife Keep Sake
Peep o'Day	Ayrshire	Hampton Atlanta
Neil Olin	Sundown	Springfield Sunshine
	Wagner	Prince Charlie Duchess of Malfi
	Black Sleeves	Sir Dixon Lake Breeze

Milkmaid was a stake winner at 2, 3, and 4 and lowered track record at Saratoga Springs for 7 furlongs and 1 1-16 miles.

From 7 crops, Milkman has sired many winners, including Pasteurized, winner at 2, 3 and 4 and \$47,220 including Belmont and East Vies Stakes 3rd in Christiana and Flamingo Stakes; Early Delivery, winner of Hialeah Park Inaugural and Belgrade Claiming Handicap, 3rd in Paumonok, Narragansett Spring Handicap; Buttermilk, winner Netherlands Plaza Handicap, 3rd in DeLaSalle Handicap; Early Morn, winner of 19 races, placing 6 times, including Susquehanna Handicap and the winners Milk, Bonny Clabber, Butter, Milk Punch, Cottage Cheese, Separator, Rich Cream, Milk Dipper, Milraz, Needmore, Cooling Spring and Cream Cheese.

Milkman had 6 two-year-old winners in 1940: Daily Delivery, Gay Man, Lactose, Milk And Honey, Quizzle and also Milk Bar who placed several times.

Only 5 two-year olds were raced in 1941, 3 of which were winners: Clip Clip, Milky Moon and Milk Route.

The 1st yearlings ever sold by Milkman averaged \$3,086 for 7 colts at Saratoga in 1940.

The 2nd crop of yearlings, 3 colts and 4 fillies, averaged \$2,043 at Saratoga in 1941 on a night of such poor sales that a leading breeder withdrew his yearlings the same evening.

To November 1, 1942, 7 two-year-olds have been winners: Dairy Lady, Milk Chocolate, Bottom Rail, Parachutist, Five A. M., Colleen and Cream. TO DATE THIS YEAR, HE HAS Sired 22 WINNERS OF 50 RACES.

These records will be kept up-to-date during the months that MILKMAN is advertised in The Chronicle.

Mares must have satisfactory veterinary certificates

Fee \$300
Return

To offset shipping costs, the stud fee has been reduced this year by \$350.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO

MRS. W. PLUNKET STEWART
Commercial Trust Bldg.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

ALBERT BURROWS
Rolling Plains Farm,
The Plains, Va.

Beagles

By SHEILA McCREERY



St. Peter's Beagles

Dear Miss McCreery:

I thought you might be interested in the enclosed account of one of our recent hunts.

Thanks to the active interest and cooperation of a group of the students at St. Peter's School, Peekskill, who act as Junior Hunt Staff and take full care of hounds during the week, we are having a successful season despite the absence of many of our most enthusiastic members who are away on government service.

Sincerely yours,

Anne Leigh Goodman, Hon. Sec.
Nov. 25, 1942.

The St. Peter's Foot Beagles met Sunday, November 15th at 11:00 A. M. at the home of the Master, Alexander Saunders and Mrs. Saunders, Old Albany Post Road, Garrison, New York. Five and a half couples of hounds were hunted by the Master assisted by: John Batten (Junior Master), Robert Schuster, Robert Ausbury and Henry Hubbard, whippers-in and students at St. Peter's School, Peekskill, New York, where the hounds are kennelled during the school year.

Hounds drew north through a meadow, and then across the road and through an orchard to the top of the hill. Here a cottontail was viewed by the field, but hounds failed to find the line after crossing a stone wall. Hounds were then put in a small cover, but without success. Bearing southwesterly through a pasture, fresh deer tracks were found. Hounds were kept in hand, and drew through the meadows in a wide circle. There was a short run, and the pack bore north again.

Another view was followed by a run led by Buckram Delicate in which the pack was well bunched and drove the cottontail into a nearby stone wall. Continuing north, another cottontail was viewed, but scent was lost. Farther along deer were viewed a short distance ahead

Rose Tree

Continued from Page One

ter feeding four horses and three dogs a bushel of apples (slight exaggeration!). Our three dogs, Scotch and Rye and Timothy, consume apples with as much gusto as do the horses. After motivating such consumption of food, I felt need of sustenance myself. Tea? No, not today. I went to our modest wine closet. I looked at a cherished bottle of Bristol Cream. A trifle sweet. I looked at an equally cherished bottle of Amontillado. A trifle too dry. An amazing thought took hold! I poured myself a new version of half and half! The connoisseurs will, doubtless, shudder. But, my friends, it was a drink for the gods! Anyway it's eleven I am!

After three weeks absence in Alabama and Texas, I returned to home and hunting to find our Rose Tree countryside mourning the death of Mrs. Samuel D. Riddle. Because of services for her on the 24th hounds did not go out. Known to the hunting and racing world for more than a generation, she never lost, even in the past twelve years when she was constantly fighting illness, the keenness of her interest in racing and breeding. As I listened to the beautiful and impressive services Tuesday afternoon I did homage in my heart to the always courageous and undaunted spirit of Lizzie Dobson Alamus.

Thanksgiving Day hounds met at the Kennels at 10 o'clock and followed Master protom Foster Reeve and Huntsman "Buck" Heller and hounds through Fordel and Greenbank farms and Dr. Hutchinson's west and south meadows back through Dr. Gibbons' to Black Oak Farm woods, thence along the creek towards Hunting Hill. In the woods north of the Jefford's home place hounds chorused suddenly into action and swung through the woods and over the field and across Gradyville Road into Hunting Hill meadow—scent evidently breast high. Here we had a beautiful view of hounds on the heels of their quarry—a lovely doe! Great excitement. Most of the field whirling over the set-in into the meadow to help Huntsman and Whipper-in turn

by whipper-in Robert Schuster. Hounds were lifted and turned back.

Returning to the Master's, two cottontails were viewed as hounds were being kennelled. One of these was hunted and driven to earth, two more deer were avoided, and hounds were finally given a rest in the summer kennels at the Master's before being taken back to the school.

Following the hunt, a hunt breakfast was served to the field by Mrs. Alexander Saunders.

Vicmead

Continued from Page Three

getting quite dark now, but Hounds worked as one, quickly made good their loss and swept westward in the wake of their fleeing fox, who had reversed his direction. Crossing Alfred Allfree's and Sandy Branch Road, they swung left-handed to the south and were stopped on the William Price Farm, adjoining Capt. Dean's place on Middle Neck, after a really glorious 55 minutes and one of the most brilliant hunts ever had in the Vicmead Manor Country.

Riding back in the moonlight, it was greatly regretted that our Master and many soldier members could not have been with us on this memorable hunt. We passed by Bohemia Mill Pond and down through the black swamp and woods and the soft air had a gentle southern quality, and the swamp seemed filled with magnolias and hollies glistened in the moonlight, and our tired horses looked askance at their shadows moving transparently ahead, on the soft sandy whiteness of the road. The stars were magnificent wheeling above. All were deeply grateful to those of the Manor Country and Staff who had made it possible for us to share in "the sport of kings, Image of War without its guilt."

Volpe.

hounds. "It ain't no use," said Louis. "Let's go this a-way and see if we kin head 'em." On a lucky turn we were off, not to head them, but to fall in directly behind the heady, chorusing pack pressing hard on the heels of the flying doe. Never did

Continued on Page Eighteen

The Sporting Calendar

You can help us by sending in notices of any events you know of that do not appear in this Calendar.

NOVEMBER

26-March 9, 1943. Fair Grounds Breeders' & Racing Assn., New Orleans, La. 75 days. (No racing on Mondays—March 8th excepted)
CHRISTMAS HANDICAP, 1 1/4 mi., all ages, Fri., Dec. 25 \$2,500 Added
CRESCENT CITY HANDICAP, 1 1/8 mi., 3 & up, Sat., Jan. 2 \$2,500 Added
THE AUDUBON STAKES, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Jan. 16 \$2,000 Added
GULF COAST HANDICAP, 1 1/8 mi., 3 & up, Sat., Jan. 30 \$2,500 Added
THE CHALMETTE STAKES, 1 mi. & 70 yds. 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Feb. 13 \$2,500 Added
NEW ORLEANS HANDICAP, 1 1/8 mi., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 27 \$10,000 Added
LOUISIANA DERBY, 1 1/4 mi., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., March 6 \$7,500 Added
MARDI GRAS HANDICAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Tues., March 9 \$2,000 Added

DECEMBER

1-19. Charles Town Victory Meeting, Charles Town, W. Va. 17 days.
21-Jan. 12. Tropical Park, Coral Gables, Fla. 20 days.

JANUARY

13-Mar. 6. Hialeah Park. (46 days.)
HIALEAH PARK INAUGURAL, 6 f., 3 & up, Jan. 13 \$5,000 Added
HIALEAH STAKES, 6 f., 3 & up, Jan. 16 \$5,000 Added
PALM BEACH 'CAP, 7 f., 3 & up, Jan. 23 \$5,000 Added
MIAMI BEACH 'CAP, 1 1/8 mi., 3 & up, Jan. 30 \$5,000 Added
BAHAMAS HANDICAP, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds, Feb. 6 \$5,000 Added
EVENING HANDICAP, 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Feb. 13 \$5,000 Added
MCLENNAN MEMORIAL 'CAP, 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, Feb. 20 \$7,500 Added
FLAMINGO STAKES, 1 1/4 mi., 3-yr.-olds, Feb. 27 \$15,000 Added
BLACK HELEN 'CAP, 7 f., 3 & up, fillies & mares, March 1 \$5,000 Added
HIALEAH JUVENILE STAKES, 3 f., 2-yr.-olds, March \$5,000 Added

MARCH

8-April 12. Tropical Park, Coral Gables, Fla. 30 days.

BROOKMEADE FARM STALLIONS

(Property of Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloane)

1943 Season

OKAPI

Brown, 1930

Eternal.....	Sweep.....	Ben Brush
		Pink Domino
	Hazel Burke.....	*Sempronius
		Retained II
Oktibhena.....	*Rock Sand.....	Sanfoin
		Roquebrune
	Octoroon.....	Hastings
		*Orlegai

Fee \$250

To Guarantee a Live Foal

PSYCHIC BID

Chestnut, 1932

Chance Play.....	Fair Play.....	Hastings
		*Fairy Gold
	*Quelle Chance.....	Ethelbert
		*Qu'Elle est Belle II
*Queen Herod.....	Tetratema.....	The Tetrarch
		Scotch Gift
	Reine de Neige.....	Roi Herode
		Snowflight

Fee \$250

To Guarantee a Live Foal

BROOKMEADE FARM HAS EXCELLENT FACILITIES
FOR VISITING MARES

Standing At

BROOKMEADE FARM

UPPERVILLE

VIRGINIA

The Personal Property Floater Policy

Provides world-wide protection on all personal effects and household furnishings against practically any loss or damage.

See Us For

Complete Information -- Forms -- Rates

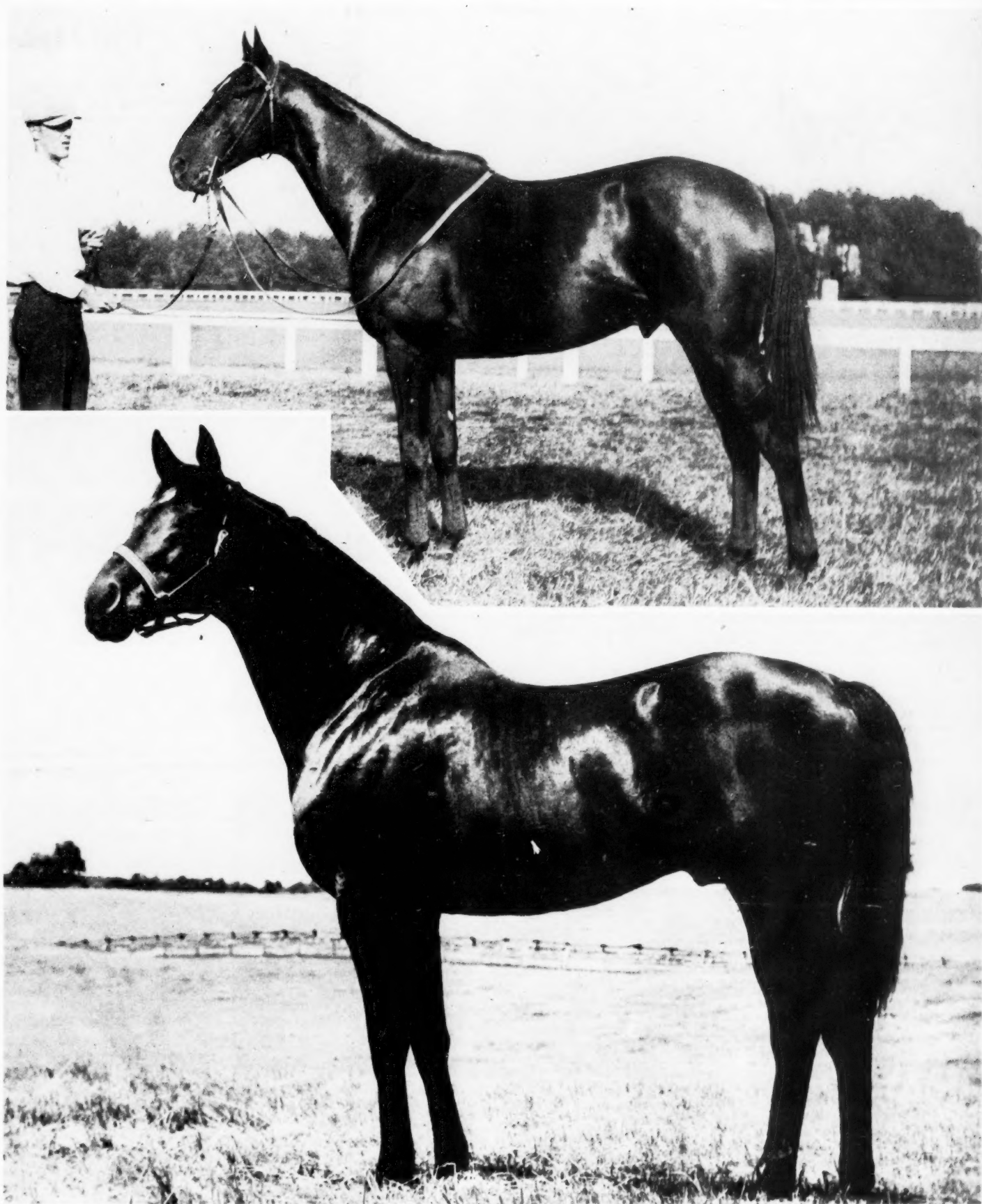
HANSBROUGH & CARTER

WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA

Dial 4144

Est. 1882

BATTLESHIP

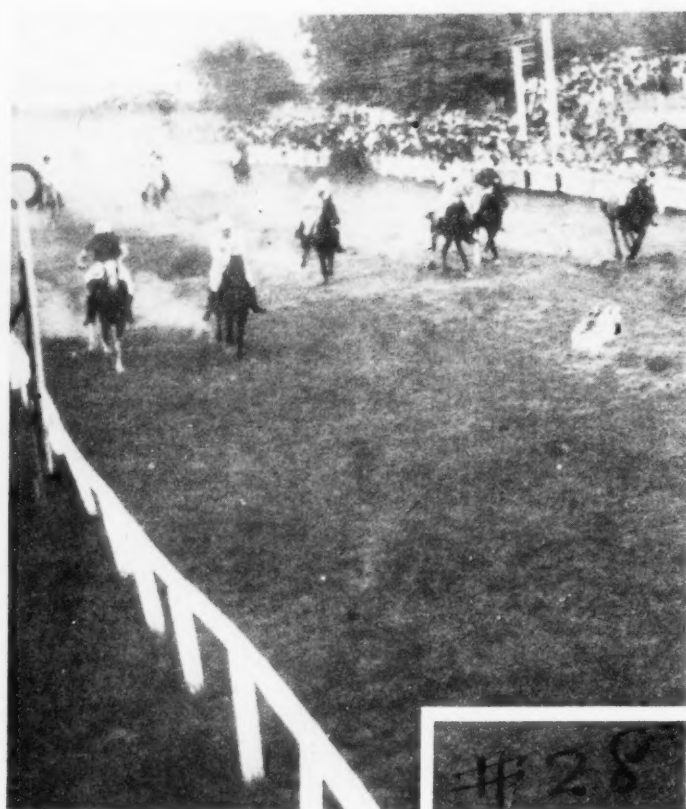


We are honored to present BATTLESHIP. Bred by the Mereworth Stud in Kentucky, he ran on the flat in 1929 as a two-year-old, under the ownership of Walter J. Salmon, during these 3 years he won 10 of 22 starts. He reached his greatest fame when he won the 101st renewal of the Aintree Grand National Steeplechase in 1938. Two facts of notice occurred, he was one of 12 stallions to win, up to that year, also, he was the 2nd smallest in point of height to win over the big jumps. He was 11 years old when he won the English Classic and it was a 21st birthday present to his sire, MAN o'WAR. MAN o'WAR's mating with Imp. QUARANTINE by SEA SICK, was a notable event. Mrs. du Pont Scott, now has BATTLESHIP standing at Montpelier where he will have every opportunity to carry on with his progeny what he himself so ably demonstrated could be done by an American Thoroughbred over the big jumps at Aintree.

A PROVEN HUNTER SIRE

MILKMAN, who stands at The Plains, in the hunting country of Virginia is 16.2, brown, weighing about 1200 lbs. There are at least 3 of his get hunting out of the Plunket Stewart stables at this time, all out of clean bred mares. There are several prospects out of 7/8 mares running on The Plains farm. This horse sires winners on the track also, a record of which can be seen elsewhere in this issue. We present him because he has a marvelous disposition as well as proven ability to get hunters.

SOMEWHERE WITH GERRY WEBB



GERRY WEBB NEEDS NO
INTRODUCTION



"I am enclosing photos. A-12 is the winner of the Governor's Cup in 1941, with professional jockey Tmomi (Syrian) up and the Governor's wife, Mrs. Burn, holding the winner. I was not able to get the name of the horse, could have, but got pushed for time, in that I commandeered an Army Vehicle and had to get it back to the Post. However, I did have time to take a trip to the course and it is well pictured in the finish of the Gentlemen's Race, #28. You can see 11 of the 14 starters in this and many of the riders look like they were riding like they did in Merry England when going to hounds. The Barrier, the rubber strand type, may be seen to be strung between the 2 poles on the right and the Club House Grandstand is just to the right of these poles. Picture number A-11 or 30, shows the winners of the Gentlemen's Race in the Winner's Paddock. All 4 money winners are put in these little stalls after the race, and the saddling stalls are very similar to the ones that we have in the States and especially the ones we have at the Dan Sand's Glenwood Park Course, Middleburg, Va."

Notes From Great Britain

By J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH

Great Britain Scribe Turns Thoughts To His Boyhood Days Of Hunting

The other day I had many thoughts of the past awakened as I stood in the old churchyard at Great Ayton and gazed into the deserted stable-yard at the Hall. From that yard over half-a-century ago I rode out on my first day's hunting. Miss Butler (afterwards wife of Harold Pease, who started a pack of harriers at Ayton later, was M. F. H.) mounted me, and with her I attended my first meet. I have here in my study a faded photograph of myself taken on that memorable morning when I was the proudest lad in England and when I would not have changed places with a prince of royal blood. The Cleveland Hounds met that day at Cliff Ridge, where Mr. William Winn abundantly provided champagne as jumping powder to a big crowd. That was the first occasion on which I had tasted the fizzing white wine of France. I didn't think much of it then and I have always since thought it a much over-rated drink, although if I'd been wealthy enough, there have been many occasions when, at 11 o'clock in a morning, I should have had a small bottle. A lot of water has passed down Ayton beck since the day of which I write—a day which stands out as a cameo in my memory. Many have been the changes in people, in outlook, in manners and in life itself. Fortunately the memory of happy days remains with us as a legacy of which no one can rob us. Squire Wharton, so long Master of the Cleveland, was then in the very zenith of his manhood. Harry Pacey was his huntsman. The Wards of Pinchinthorpe were just coming into the limelight as dealers in and exhibitors of hunters. Sir Alfred Pease was riding very straight across his beloved Cleveland. Mr. William Scarth Dixon ("The British Yeoman"), who did so much to chronicle Yorks hunting history, was going well too. Now they are all gone! It is good occasionally to revisit old haunts, to renew acquaintance with the playgrounds of our youth, to conjure up pictures of the past, to touch the springs of memory so that we live again the joyous days that were. It is good too, to travel the quiet byeways we once knew, along which we hacked to meet hounds, or when going from covert to covert. Often we find changes which astonish us—rows of suburban houses which alter (and disfigure) the whole topography, new roads, or roads so changed to meet the demands of present day speed, that we hardly recognise them. Woodlands and famous fox coverts we knew and loved, have gone. Big grass enclosures, which made us think of Leicestershire when we galloped over them, are under the plough. Ancestral homes in which lived squires of ancient lineage, whose pride it was to maintain the sporting traditions of their forbears, are now schools, or clubs, put to military or other use, or empty! There are, however, many rural bye-ways, many bridle-paths, and little lanes which have not changed, and there we can recall straight-necked foxes which crossed

them on red letter days; pick out the very places in hedge or fence we jumped, where we had our falls, and where (proud moment) we left others behind. All this was when the world was young and all the trees were green, and these present anxious times have drawn many of us back again to sylvan scenes which we had almost forgotten, but which reawaken a hundred happy memories.

In Rural England Today

If much is changed, much remains static. As in our youth, so on these dull, cold, frosty 'back-end' mornings, men and lads are in the fields topping-and-tailing turnips, pausing now and then to clap their benumbed hands across their bodies and to stare at the passing stranger. Country roads are churned by the wheels of muck-carts and those of tractors too! But there are still more tractors, and there are yet some farm men and lads who can sing and whistle at their work on the land. These present times of stress and mental anguish have drawn many of us back to that "peace man did not make and cannot mar", to these sequestered scenes we had almost forgotten. The other day only someone, in part, put these thoughts into rhyme:

I hardly knew my England
Until she went to war,
And left her lanes unloved
By haste's ill-mannered roar,
And Peace that fled from Europe
Knocked on her cottage door.

I had forgotten sheep-tracks,
Short cuts, and clay that clings,
Owls hunting in the moonlight,
Full-voiced, on whispering wings.
Must man go into battle
To bring us back these things?

Keeping Hunting Going

Scarce a letter (and I receive many) reaches me from officers and men but contains the hope that hunting is being kept going and that so soon as the piping days of peace return the youth and beauty of the land will be able to return to find the Chase and the Turf ready to be handed over to them as a going concern. Writing from hospital in the Middle East a soldier-sportsman voices the expectations of many when he says:

We hope that the authorities will continue to recognize that hounds can keep down foxes better than poison, and that the few old favourite hunters left, some of them now pulling carts, will be allowed to remain until we get back and ride to hounds again. It may be that after the war we will have to hunt horses that are turned out all winter in New Zealand rugs for economy's sake, as I had to turn out mine long before the war—and what a success and saving it was! We will cheerfully agree to short hunting days to save our reduced Hunt establishments; we may not be able to afford scarlet coats as well as Hunt subs, for many a year; but as long as the first November after victory brings hounds to opening meets on village greens all over Britain, the exiles will be there somehow—all of us, although some can only be there in spirit—to help keep alive something that is to us the very essence of country life. Whatever post-war problems we may have to tackle, whatever other changes we may find, keep that unchanged for us.

THE STALLION ROSTER

The Stallion Roster will be published by The Chronicle in its January 22, 1943 issue. We are now sending out cards of inquiries to the owners who appeared in the last Roster. We ask these recipients of cards to fill them in and return them at their earliest convenience. Others who now own stallions will be listed if they will inform us of what they own. A roster is only valuable if it is accurate.

HUNTER DIRECTORY

TO HUNTER OWNERS

There are a great many horses being sold at this time. Many of them are going cheap, but the market is the schools and riding academies, where capable instruction is now the order. These sales will build up a market for future sales of good horses as these riders become more critical of what they are on. We suggest you keep your name before the horse world by registering in the Directory.

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The Chronicle

ESTABLISHED 1937

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(Middleburg, Virginia)

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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
THE CHRONICLE welcomes, not only the latest news, but personal views of readers, on all subjects of general interest pertaining to the Thoroughbred, the Steeplechase, the Horse Show and the Hunting Field. The views expressed by correspondents are not necessarily those of THE CHRONICLE.

Communications should be accompanied by the writer's name and address, along with any pen name desired. THE CHRONICLE requests correspondents to write on one side of a sheet of paper, and when addressing THE CHRONICLE, not to direct the letter in the name of an Editor, as this may cause delay. All Editorial communications should be mailed to Berryville, Virginia.

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Editorials

PICTURE PAGE THIRTEEN

We would like to present this page of men of action, each in his own field of endeavor. John Hervey, Salvator, as we know him. Stands for what is best in the Thoroughbred horse, he is a gentleman. And like the breed of horse he fights for, his lineage harks back to a line which calls for his present participation in matters of moment to our country. The maintenance of a high standard in our Thoroughbred horses, is of signal importance in this horse world of ours. It is the crux of the whole structure of the enormous business that racing and horses in the field of sport have become. John Hervey fights for the best that we can produce and the greatest performances on the tracks. He knows that this alone can keep the Thoroughbred in America, where he belongs. It is one way of fighting the war. Remember a man of over seventy has the courage and the energy to fight, through his columns for this high standard. Surely those who are producing for the best must feel heartened and those who are carelessly producing haphazardly must feel ashamed.

Now we turn to Aviation Cadet Thomas C. Billups, Jr., a young man who is active as a fighting man in the air, the most modern of our fighting arms. He, too, comes from the world of the horse in sport. From the polo fields of Long Island and thereabouts, he learned the value of quick decisions at speed. Seven years of polo fit a man for service in the air. Cadet Billups, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Carleton Billups of Columbus, Miss., left his Mississippi home in his late teens and through his connections on the polo field launched into the brokerage business at 19, on Wall Street. Then vice-president of a shipbuilding company and two years later general manager of an oil company. But he left all these successes at the age of 27, to fly for Uncle Sam. It is of such men that our fighting forces are composed. An example to all, an incentive to other young men. He graduates from Ellington Field, Texas.

POLICING UP

Never start something you don't finish. The U. S. A. has started to fix up the war issue, it can't be fixed until Europe is policed. It took until March 1923 for the American army to leave Europe after the last war, that was 4 years of policing. The Germans were drilling kids right then to make soldiers for this war. We saw them from our office window, at the boy's school across the road. Going from Coblenz to Wiesbaden, through supposed Unoccupied Germany, we were stopped by a German soldier—it was found that there was activity which he was guarding.

This time, policing has to be done right. Or history will repeat itself in 20-odd years. It will be a job that will take many armed men, and much tact. Chances are that men who have been drafted and have ties back here will be allowed to come home, their places will be taken by men who are available from this side. Just as the A. F. in G. was made up of the 8th Infantry, replacing other units. This time it will not be a regiment, but many divisions.

It will be chalked up against the cost of Occupation or against Reparations—quien sabe when it will be paid?

A REFLECTION OF ITS HEAD

That "any organization is a reflection of its head", is applicable to the Thoroughbred business of today. It needs active, two-fisted men to knock it back onto its pedestal where it should be, at the head of the stairway of horsemanship.

Our young men are where all young men who are physically able should be, in the service of this country. It therefore behooves those who are holding these responsible offices to act. Surely they don't want it to be said by those doing their duty:—"when we get back, we will get busy. After all, what could we expect, it just reflects so-and-so and the way he (or they) has done everything, the line of least resistance."

These men who have gone to war, were men of action before they went, they will come back full of action, they have become accustomed to it, all day long. There will rise a head from among them, who will actively prove that the Thoroughbred does belong on a pedestal.

Letters to the Editor

In The Pink

December 16, 1942.

To the Editor:

Referring to page 14 of your Friday, December 11th issue, the caption under the picture refers to "in the pink for work" and I imagine you mean it exactly as I read it and the "pink" refers to the hounds, nevertheless a Joint Master of a nearby hunt did not so interpret it and has asked me if we are turning out in pink, which we decidedly and definitely are not and will not for the duration.

This is a small matter but we have over 200,000 people engaged in real war work in very close proximity to the country we are hunting, in fact right in it. Also as that part of Long Island is tremendously exposed on the extreme Atlantic Seaboard the O. C. D. is very active and we are all of us members of this organization, as well as many others, and it is important that we should not use any gas or rubber to get to or from meets, nor should we go out hunting in the conspicuous pink coats and so disturb anyone's peace of mind.

I have written to assure Mr. Aubrey V. Gould that we were not hunting in pink and I would rather appreciate it, in case this has been misunderstood by someone else, if you would just put in a little squib stating what you meant and that it has been misunderstood, and the facts of the case are as the picture clearly indicates—we are hunting in black Melton box jackets which have been presented to us for the purpose by such oldtimers as Mr. James C. Cooley and Mr. F. Ambrose Clark, who happen to be sitting in the phaeton in the picture above the one that led to the misunderstanding. It happens to have been one of the two meets that I was able to attend on account of my duties and I was chatting with them at the time the picture was taken.

I think, thanks to Mrs. Hewlett, we are doing an extremely good job. Our hunt staff, which usually, at this time of year, has been between ten and eleven hunt servants, is reduced to three and instead of just doing the work of one hunt we are really taking care of three, so as to enable the Buckram Beagles to carry on with very large fields on Sunday and also enable the Smithtown Hunt to carry on and providing them with the necessary hounds to do this.

I am enclosing you herewith a Hunt Card, which shows you that we are definitely trying to adjust it so that everyone may be able to get a day in the open and taking care of the children during the holidays. Our largest field to date has been fifty-five.

I regret to say that on account of the tremendous labor shortage in this vicinity the horses certainly do not

"Putting It Out"

To The Editor.

I do appreciate the nice manner in which you responded to my letter. If more people in my home country of Oregon knew of your magazine I know your subscription list would increase. Here are 7 names that come to mind, with a description of what they are principally interested in.

I think your publication has many articles of lasting interest. Of particular interest are the good columns by Margaret de Martelly, she is really authentic and has a reasonable, common sense way of "putting it out." Of course there are many more fine and enlightening articles that are of value and interest.

My kindest regards and best wishes for your continued success.

Cecil L. Edwards
Major, Inf. Armored Force,
Fort Knox, Ky.

Badly Needed

To The Editor.

I am very much interested in your notes about Thoroughbred breeding. I hope you may be able to stir up some honest criticism of the whole industry. It is badly needed.

W. S. Laing.
The Bunree Farms, Amissville, Va.
Dec. 15, 1943.

Indispensable

To The Editor.

The Chronicle is an "indispensable" in this soldier's equipment. Therefore please note change of address, from Highland Ave. 791, Piedmont, Calif., to Headquarters Troop 1st Cavalry Division, Fort Bliss Texas. Thanking you, I am sincerely, Pvt. Wallace W. Nall, Jr.

look as they used to at Meadow Brook. However, I think we are doing all in our power to carry on the theory and tradition of the sport and it is our aim to give no offense and we must be extremely careful of the stringent regulations governing our territory, and that is the reason I am writing you and asking you if you will correct this misunderstanding, which I read as I know you intended to write it but perhaps some not quite so familiar with hunting parlance have interpreted the "pink" as referring to our livery.

Thanking you in advance and wishing you all success in the new year, and hoping we may see the end of all these things we all dislike so much before it is over, with regards,

Yours very truly,

Harry T. Peters, M. F. H.,
Meadow Brook Hounds.

Quansett

Continued from page One

so I was in the hospital for two weeks and came out weak as a cat and fourteen pounds lighter and wasn't on a horse for six weeks, until last Sunday, November 8th. Mark hunted them in the meantime, and the day I referred to they found just north of the Bald Hill Meeting House. They then ran south to the Boydens, swung east just below their house and ran very hard in the open across Mellos, Rileys, Perrys, Sylvias, Augustas and into Great Neck, they then ran hard all the way around Great Neck and swung south over Downs, here Mark viewed a fox but it was a fresh one and the hounds ran on very hard to Barney's Joy, running the whole way around Barney's Joy. They turned west and over open country to the Boydens where they swung north, crossed the main road east of Bald Hill Meeting house, and ran all the way to Slades Corner, crossed Bull street to the west and ran southwest to Small's Dairy crossing, South Westport road and running south to Dave Petteys where they checked a minute and Mark and Jim were able to get up with them and whip off as their horses were exhausted—time 3 1-2 hours. Quite a run for the 21st of October!

Sunday, November 8th, the first day I was able to hunt again was not much of a scenting day, particularly in the open. However, in the country between Great Neck and Barney's Joy and Vieras, we found four different foxes and viewed two fine ones running together over Carl Sylvias farm.

As for customers, we haven't had many so far. The Doc hunts regularly, Mabel Owen and Warren Read, Sister Grew, who has been running the Norfolk Hounds very successfully, swears we will have eight or ten as soon as Norfolk and Millwood close up. I hope so, we have things cut down to the last degree. Mark has been on half time ever since August and we have Jim in the stable.

I must say I have never seen the horses look or go any better. The hounds are really good, the best we have ever had. I saw Ed Freitas the other day and he told me of all the packs he remembered, he had never heard such cry or such steady running as he had heard this year.

The litter by Ranter ex Fearless are the best of our puppies all entering well. The puppies by Andy Fowler's True Boy were slow to enter but are all running well now, and I think are going to make real fine hounds. The couple you walked, True Boy and Trusty are both going well and look fine. I am afraid old Ranter is nearing his last season. He has slowed up and is beginning to run a little jealous. Well, they don't last forever and what a wonderful hound he has been! I think I must breed him to Fearless once more as there may not be another chance.

We haven't done anything about the country, but Richard and I are going to try to get the wire down as soon as I get home and maybe a few of the worst paths cut out.

I saw your place and stock a week ago last Sunday. The place looks very well, I think Souza has done a good job and fixed things up quite a bit. Your colts look well and are well grown, it is a shame about the filly that hurt her knee, but I don't believe she would ever be worth

fooling with. It has been a most remarkable fall in the country, the grass is still green and good, and last Sunday all the roses on the south side of our house were in bloom. I guess it is a lucky thing for, as far as I can see, we are going to have very little oil for heating this winter. Siv and I are contemplating moving into Father's house for the winter.

We are still racing at Rockingham. It is as usual this time of year, terrible horses and pretty cold. We go until November 21st. There are no trains, tires and gas are supposed to be rationed, but still people get here, I can't imagine how.

I got a letter from Alex just awhile ago, he is still at Camp Stewart, Georgia, and Bea is also down there. They are momentarily expecting their first born and I understand both grandmothers have gone down to superintend the event!

I have enjoyed reading your letters and Miss Brandy has been very kind in sending them on to us. Do hope you are well again now, and I certainly do envy you over there. The news is wonderfully cheering the last few days and I hope you are right in the thick of things as I know you would want to be. I think it is going to be a long job, but at last we seem to be on the right road. As far as I can see, my chances of getting into something are as dim as ever, Siv and the kids must eat and the children be educated and I seem to be the whole means of support.

The elections were most encouraging. It was a real tribute to Leverett, I thought. I am going to see him when I get through at Rockingham, there are some matters pertaining to racing that I think he should know. If he doesn't want to act, that is up to him, but at least he will know about it at first hand.

Well, here's wishing you the best of luck, a happy Christmas and New Year. Let's hope before another one rolls around, we will all be following hounds together again. Best wishes,

Sincerely,

Bunny

P. S. Siv was very glad to get your letter. She and the children are fine. Just received word that Alex and Bea have a son from this morning. *Allegro* won this afternoon so its quite a double event! Everybody here Conbling, Stickney, Fred etc., send their best.

To The Editor

I am enclosing a letter from Bunny Almy to me which never got as far as Egypt.

I thought it described the situation down at Quansett pretty well and that you might like to have it. Do what you like with it.

I think you are doing great with The Chronicle with all the disadvantages you must be up against. I saw something about wanting things of a personal nature such as this and I also think that it is what the people in the service like to read about.

Keep up the good work.

Faithfully,

Bayard Tuckerman, Jr



Treweryn Hounds

Continued from Page One

was back to report that the big old jack had been viewed away south. About ten minutes past three hounds were cast quietly over the line. The eager little 13 inchers proclaimed the fresh scent with a ringing cry and, packed closely together, ran at good pace south into the Brooks Farm.

From three-ten until shortly after five o'clock Treweryn hounds hunted their crafty, long-eared quarry across the open, rolling country of the Sullivan, Brooks Nursery and Murphy farms. Followers enjoyed many excellent views and had numerous opportunities to witness much fine hound work as the elusive hare led the merry little hounds on an intricate and ever circling course across the pastureland, rough corn fields, stubble and winter wheat of Treweryn's best hunting country. During almost two hours of continuous hunting, the pack definitely changed to a fresh hare once, possibly twice, and raced screaming away on as many as seven driving sight chases, when the fleet-footed jack would jump up close by and, relying on superior speed alone, would quickly out distance her relentless pursuers.

Scent held well across grass and stubble, and hounds ran at a driving pace into the cold north breeze. Down wind scenting proved to be a bit spotty, and the sticky mud, in corn and winter wheat, really brought the hardworking pack to their noses. Banker (Treweryn Forger—Bijou) showed his outstanding ability by proclaiming the faint line again and again when the picking was toughest. At checks Fancy (Treweryn Forger—Bashful) was always wont to leave the spot where hounds had last owned the line and on several occasions with her bawling voice she held the rest of the pack to the difficult task of working out the spotty trail. When the wily hare took to the road to lose her pursuers, her craft was but an even match for the sensitive nose of Fiddler (Treweryn Forger—Thorpe-Satenville Pancake) who spoke the line right down the middle, over the tarred surface. Then with ringing cry Treweryn hounds would drive away across the open pasture land once more. As the northerly breeze increased and the mercury slowly dropped late in the afternoon, scent began to fall, and the huntsman called hounds home after a most enjoyable afternoon of sport.

Vernon-Somerset Beagles

The Vernon-Somerset Beagles met at Mr. Dillon's farm barns last Sunday, but, for the second successive week, had a poor day. Hounds drew blank for an hour and then put up two hare together. They ran one for forty minutes but it was slow going as scent was very bad. About 30 people turned out in the field.

MINEOLA FAIR

1943 Mineola Fair is to have Horses. This was the declaration after the meeting, which was the 101st of the Queens-Nassau Agricultural Society. J. Alfred Valentine, the president, said that they had been criticized for not including horses. That they would do so, not as a society affair, but as a competition of types and performances. This should prove a valuable addition in this part of the country.

St. Peter's Beagles

Continued from Page Five

developing a sense of responsibility, increasing their powers of observation, adding to their initiative, and they are being given an opportunity for leadership.

For my own part it is a real pleasure to work with the boys and to watch their progress. New boys this year who joined the beagle group at St. Peter's, Asplund, Ausbury and Hubbard, have fitted in very well and show promise for future years. Faithful support is being continued by whippers-in Bumsted, Schuster and Nordeck. John Batten, as Junior Master, has met every responsibility and hunts a true line.

Alexander Saunders, M. B.
St. Peter's Foot Beagles,
Peekskill, N. Y.

Peekskill, N. Y.,
December 8, 1942.

To the Editor:

I am enclosing an article on Beagling at St. Peter's School which I hope will be of interest to you.

Under present war conditions, many packs are without whips and may have some hesitation as to whether they are justified in carrying on.

I have found that putting hounds under the care of a group of boys is of real educational advantage to the boys. St. Peter's School in Peekskill, New York, has found that beagling is of great interest to the boys who participate in the sport. It may be that other schools, who have limited athletic facilities, can carry on with beagle packs to advantage.

Yours very truly,
Alexander Saunders.

HIRSCH JACOBS,
AMERICA'S LEADING TRAINER,

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Very truly yours,
HIRSCH JACOBS"
(signed)

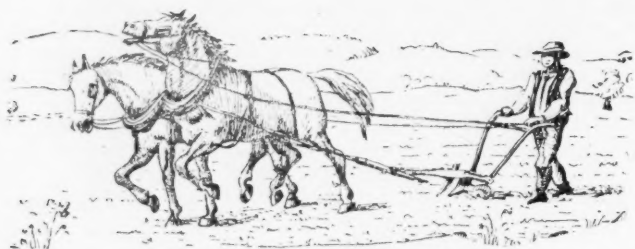
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FARMING in WAR TIME



Cash Your Grass Through Shorthorns

BY RANK C. FORBES

George Washington was not only a great warrior and statesman but also he was America's first and foremost agriculturist and breeder of livestock. From stock presented to him by the King of Spain and Marquis de LaFayette, he bred not only the nation's first jacks and jennets but also its first mules. The great esteem in which he held land was voiced in his words: "Strongly am I impressed with the beneficial effect which our country would receive if every citizen of the United States owned land."

Of the land Washington knew, his declaration was self-sufficient. Nothing more need be said of the fertile valleys of Virginia whence sprang lush grass that held the nutritive strength of grain. Certainly, he believed, owners of such land would put it to good use by supplying grazing herds to convert nature's ideal forage into food with which to feed the world, replenishing their exchequers and sustaining the soil's fertility the while.

Nor did Virginians let him down. All who were able acquired land and on it cattle waxed fat. But Virginians were not content to follow the lead of others and continue with the small-framed cattle of the time which weighed little at maturity. Always having been leaders they would lead also in the matter of livestock production; consequently the first improved cattle ever to tread American soil landed in Virginia. They were Shorthorns—large red, white and roan beasts that converted grass into tons of beef, thus bringing riches to their owners. In comparison, native cattle appeared as vest-pocket editions of the bovine specie. Moreover, Shorthorn cows gave an abundance of milk—not only enough to shove their calves quickly to marketable weight but also a surplus for family use. Then, too, Shorthorn oxen made light work of drawing plows which tore asunder the tough sod, turning it under to pave the way for fields of waving corn and tobacco such as never before had been seen. Nor could any wheeled conveyance be too heavily loaded for the big red, white and roan steers to move.

News of the great breed spread westward; it was not long until Shorthorns found their way into Kentucky and Ohio. Later they spread throughout the country, working bovine improvement wherever they went. It may well be said that Shorthorns did as much worthy pioneering in America as did those brave men and women who sons of the breed hauled in covered wagons to the land of the setting sun, and whose mothers often furnished both food and drink to the families enroute. Arriving at their destination, it was Shorthorn bulls that worked the first improvement on the Long-

horns of the plains, changing their type to conform to market demands, improving the quality of their beef, even sweetening their dispositions, resulting in their being more easily handled. Shorthorns are known for their docility, the world over.

Virginians again displayed their ability to lead by producing the first grass-fed cattle ever exported from America. They were Shorthorns finished on Virginia blue grass, the grass that is a close second to corn in producing prime beef if grazed by cattle with a digestive tract adapted to assimilating it properly—and thereby hangs a tale:

Argentina is the greatest beef-cattle country on earth. Practically all Argentine beef is produced on grass. Argentine breeders have paid the highest prices known for sires with which to produce range bulls yet they have netted greater returns from beef production than have any other cattlemen anywhere. That approximately 75 per cent of Argentina's cattle is Shorthorns is significant. That this same percentage is true of practically every other cattle country in the world is likewise significant. Three-quarters of the world's cattle raisers can't be wrong.

Grass is the greatest natural asset any country or section thereof can possess. As Senator Ingalls of Kansas so eloquently said: "It yields no fruit in earth or air, yet should its harvest fail for a single year famine would depopulate the world." Think that over. Let its real meaning sink deep. You'll find that it is not merely an oratorical gem but also a truism. But grass should not be left merely to blot out the ruts of cannon, carpet blood-soaked battle fields, beautify devastating wastes of fire and flood, blanket warmly the graves of unknown dead. It should even not be permitted only to increase the soil's fertility—a job it can do far more efficiently after its nutritive value has been expended in the digestive tract of a farm animal. Failure to utilize its real worth is utter economic waste and, during such times as the present and many years which will follow the peace that is sure to come, waste is unpatriotic.

Beef cattle are a godsend to those who have land which produces abundantly strong, energy-building, fat-forming grass. Under present conditions and those which are to follow, beef cattle are a greater asset than ever before, because it is possible to handle large herds of beef cattle, finishing and marketing them profitably, with a minimum of labor. One man, teamed up with a good horse, can care for large numbers of cattle on pasture—and that's something to bear in mind. Moreover, due to cattle's natural habit of not grazing grass closely,

Jockey Club Bureau Adds Imp. Tourist 2nd To Its List Of Sires

BY AMOS L. HORST

Breeders of steeplechase and hunter prospects are elated that Imp. Tourist 2nd, one of the most famous steeplechase stallions imported to this country was recently acquired by the Jockey Club Breeding Bureau, and will be shipped to the Genesee Valley for stud service at the Lookover Stallion Station, Avon, N. Y. This stallion was donated by Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott, and is the third to be acquired this year by the Breeding Bureau for stud service in the Valley, where the Jockey Club's breeding activities are centered.

Imp. Tourist 2nd, comes from a famous line of English Thoroughbreds, and his sire Son-In-Law by Dark Ronald, was the leading stallion in England for two years, and his dam Touraine by Swynford was a half-sister to Capt. Cuttle, a Derby winner. Son-In-Law during his racing days won the Cesarewitch, the

they tend toward increasing grass rather than depleting it. This can be truthfully said of no other farm animal. That can be proved in any cattle country, including our own. On Belair Farm near Bowie, Maryland, where it was once believed that the tight soil would not produce enough grass for horses, Thoroughbreds, Clydesdales and Shorthorns now wallow kneedeep in lush grass that followed closely the advent of the Shorthorns.

If Shorthorns are not superior to other beef breeds for the job of converting grass profitably into beef, then 75 per cent of the world's cowmen are wrong. If Shorthorn bulls are not the best bovine improvers when mated with cows of any breed or kind, then our western ranchmen do not know their cattle. Many of the prominent range outfits for years have infused Shorthorn blood into their cow herds by the use of Shorthorn sires in order to increase weight-for-age, improve hind-quarter development, and add more milk to the dams. That's the source of the splendid roan-white-faces and broke-face cattle which invariably stand out in a herd as prominently as a gray horse in a race. One has only to view cattle at pasture along the roadside, to be convinced of the veracity of that statement.

Only the truth about Shorthorns need be told to convince any unbiased thinking person of their superiority. Long lists of prize-winnings at major shows mean nothing to the average cattleman who depends on his cattle to make a profit. His cattle may never win a prize, and if so, it may be costly. Unified color schemes mean nothing to the packer. Mr. Thomas E. Wilson, a prominent Chicago packer who maintains one of the world's best Shorthorn herds, recently remarked to me: "All carcasses look alike when the hide is off. Color doesn't mean a thing to us. We are concerned only with finish, quality and dressing percentage." According to records of long standing, Shorthorns qualify for all those requirements. Add to this the Shorthorn's superior weight-for-age characteristic and remember that beef cattle are sold by the pound, and you'll have the reason for Shorthorn popularity the world over.

Goodwood Cup, and the English Jockey Club Cup on two occasions. Touraine, his first dam also foaled Traveller, a winner in England, and Nippy a great producer. She was half-sister to Capt. Cuttle (winner of Derby, St. James Palace, Wood Ditton, Prince of Wales Stakes, third in the 2000 Guineas, and a leading sire of Italy).

A partial list of famous English race horses by Son-In-Law includes Bucks (Goodwood Cup, etc.), Strait-lace (Oaks), Knight of the Garter, Lady Juror, Daughter-In-Law, Bucks Hussar (Eng. Jockey Club Cup), Rustom Pasha (Eclipse Stakes, etc.) Foxlaw (Ascot Cup), Law Suit (Irish St. Leger, Great Northern Leger, etc.), Midlothian, Posterity, Jugo, Sister Anne, Comedy King, Winalot, The Wonder King, Castor Boy, Trimdon, Parenthesis, Concordia, Birthday Book, Corn Belt, Young Lover, Beau-Frere, Maureen, Assignment, Copelia, Valerius, Bouldnor, Fet, Suzerain, Valerian, Epigram, Weathervane, Mr. Grundy etc.

The racing record of Imp. Tourist 2nd, is intensely interesting, and bears out the success of English Thoroughbred breeding that breeding to the best racing stock produces winners. He raced once as a two-year-old, and was fourth in the Chesterfield Stakes. At three he won the Princess of Wales's Stakes (1-2 Continued on Page Fifteen)

HERD DIRECTORY

In order to assist readers of The Chronicle who pay especial attention to maximum production from their farms, we present this directory of the owners of good herds of the country. We hope that it will prove of benefit to those who sell and also buy.

MARYLAND

ABERDEEN-ANGUS BEEF CATTLE
PERCHERON DRAFT HORSES
MONOCACY FARMS
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VIRGINIA

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ABERDEEN-ANGUS CATTLE
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International Grand Champion Bulls
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Top converters of grass into beef at weight for age.

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SEE OUR OUTSTANDING CALF CROP
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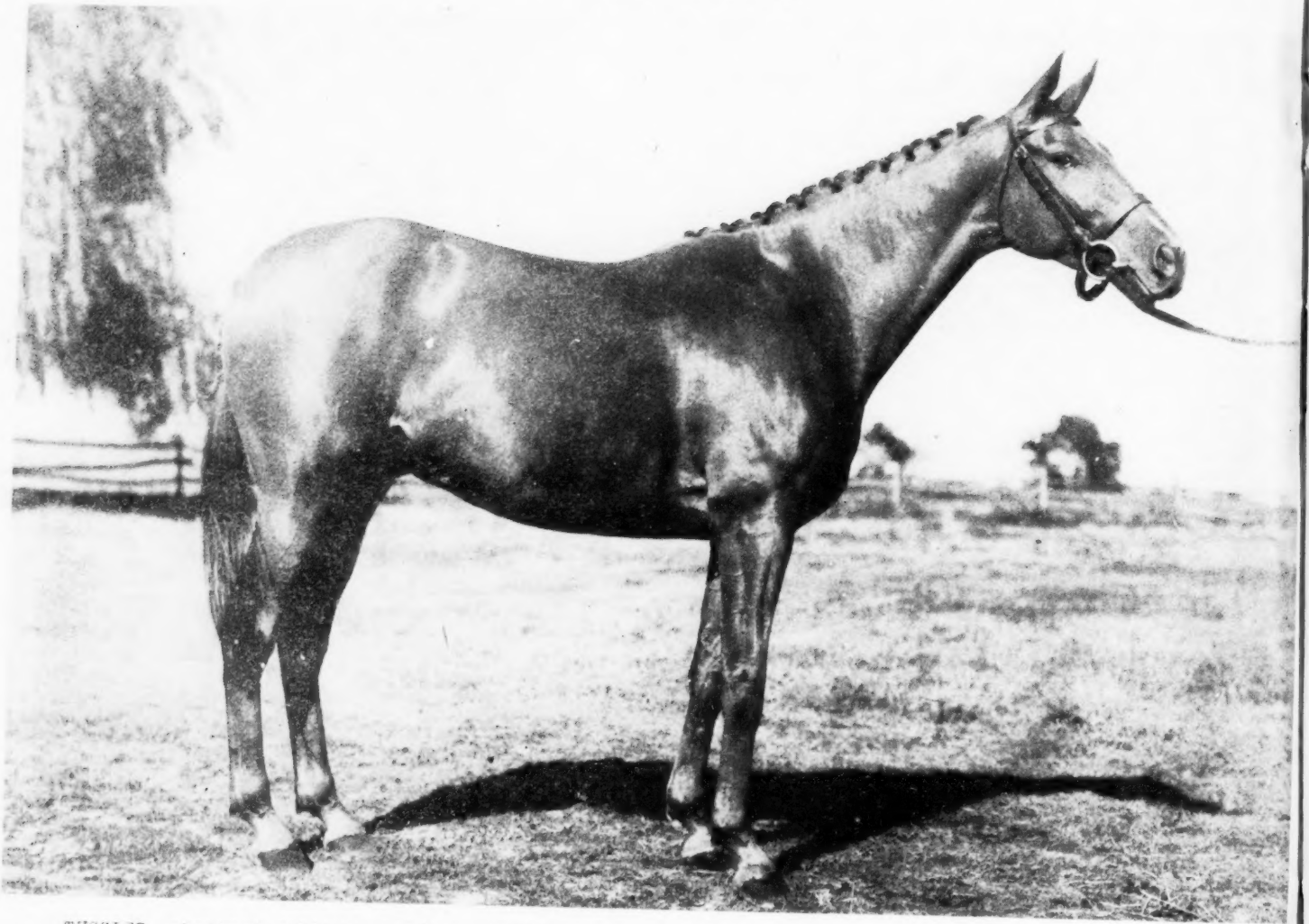


A WRITER



A POLO PLAYER

See Page Ten

THE MISSION VALLEY
(Anderson Photos)

TUGGLES, chestnut gelding, 1936, by DEVON by Imp. LIGHT BRIGADE out of GOALER'S FIL. TUGGLES comes from the stable of The O. G. Bittler's. He is a model lightweight in his country and represents a good sort for the 1943 hunter breeders to aim at.



OUR HEBERT, bay gelding, 1935 by GENERAL HAIG by DICK WELLES out of MADAME HEBERT by Imp. SIMON HEBERT. This good hunting horse is shown with his owner, young Joe Mackey, Jr., up. Young Mackey's father is huntsman of the Mission Valley, Joe Sr., like his father before him, is a versatile man of the country. Hounds, horses, farming, all are in his line of daily duty. This 3rd generation will lend usefulness to the sport, by reason of his early schooling.

23rd Annual Meeting Of The Horse And Mule Association

This being an account of the 23rd annual convention and the reaction of a layman who attended it.

Members of the Horse and Mule Association of America met in their 23rd annual convention December 2nd, 1942, at the Palmer House, Chicago, Illinois.

Attendance was large, indicating that horse and mule men and those in allied industries are alert to the part work stock occupy in maintaining food production.

President Louis E. Stoddard spoke of the use of horses in our army, where they are being used for short haul work about army posts, encampments and training centers, thereby saving rubber, gas and oil for longer hauls. Thousands of cavalry mounts are in use as mounted patrols about training centers and ordnance depots, and thousands more are now on coast guard duty, where they make one man, mounted, equal to 3 on foot.

Secretary Wayne Dinsmore reported that there were over 12 million horses and mules old enough and available for work. He said "Horses and mules stand between our people and starvation. Were it not for these millions of work animals available on our farms, plantations and ranches, the enormous crops we have, could not have been produced. The work animals were on the farms, and pasture, hay and grain they require is produced on the farms where needed, or nearby. Horses and mules require no gas, oil or rubber and the total iron and steel needed annually to keep 12 million horses and mules at work is approximately 30 thousand tons, which is less than it takes to build 20 thousand tractors."

He added that men who took sensible measures to eliminate internal parasites from their work stock, and got them in hard, fit condition before spring work opened up, would be able to do as much work with 4 as is ordinarily done with 6 work horses or mules.

Increased breeding is urgently needed, according to Fred Owen of Kansas City, who stated that his company would sell about 50,000 horses and mules in 1942, mainly mules. He advised breeding grade draft mares of good work type, weighing from 1100 to 1300 pounds, to low set, blocky, short coupled, active jacks of medium size, and added that such a cross produced the most saleable mules, standing from 15 to 15.2 hands and weighing around 1100 pounds.

Dr. G. A. Hart of the California Experiment Station spoke on "Keeping Horses Sound." He said good green grass and legume pasture, grown on naturally rich or well fertilized soils was by far the most important factor, and that if it was not feasible to turn the horses or mules out on pasture, it was advisable to cut and feed some to the animals every day, fed immediately after it was cut.

Work done to raise horses cheaply but efficiently during the last three years at the Michigan Experiment Station was presented by L. H. Blakeslee. The experiment established that under their conditions growing work stock could be raised outdoors, on pasture and hay, with no grain from time foaled till 3 years of age, yet be practically the same

in size, weight and value as colts stabled and grained through the winter.

The High Feeding Value of Good Hay was discussed by Dr. G. W. Salisbury of the New York Experiment Station. He emphasized that good hay, green, leafy and sweet smelling, was seldom adequately evaluated by horsemen who can, by purchasing such choice hay, cut down on the grain and protein concentrates, reduce their feed bills and produce better horses.

L. E. Stoddard of New York City; F. M. Holmes of New Britain, Conn.; and E. N. Gosselin of Joliet, Ill., were re-elected; Ira Drymon of Lexington, Kentucky and Ferd Owen of Kansas City, Missouri were new directors elected.

Officers elected by the Board of Directors were: Louis E. Stoddard, Pres.; Chas. J. Lynn of Indianapolis, Ind. and Geo. M. Moffett of Queens-town, Maryland, Vice-Presidents; F. M. Holmes, Treasurer; Wayne Dinsmore continues as Executive Secretary.

Eleven 4-H boys who have displayed sound horse sense and done notable work in producing and exhibiting horses in their respective states, were present as guests of the Horse and Mule Association of America, Inc., which paid all their expenses to Chicago and return and awarded each a medal for work well done. This is the fourth year the Association has given such encouragement to the 4-H Club members.

To The Editor:

In the November 27 issue of The Chronicle, I noticed on Page 4, an announcement of the fact that the Horse and Mule Association of America, Inc., was holding their 23rd. Annual meeting on Wednesday, December 2, at the Palmer House, Chicago, Illinois.

The writer is not a member of this organization, but was very anxious to attend this meeting and called Mr. Wayne Dinsmore, Secretary, and asked if I might have permission to attend the meeting. He graciously told me that he would be very glad to have me attend and hoped sincerely that I enjoyed it. This letter will vouch for my reaction to the meeting.

I believe this organization to be directed by one of the most clear-headed and hard-working group of horsemen in the country. They are striving to do everything possible to help the Horse, and those of us interested in them. Secretary Dinsmore's addresses and remarks throughout the entire meeting were excellent and he unquestionably has the facts. This organization's problems are many, and I might suggest that The Chronicle make an effort to secure the minutes of this meeting. I noticed that all remarks were taken down carefully by a competent court-reporter.

The Chronicle has always, in the writer's opinion, given the Horse and Mule Association its cooperation and with the problems facing this organization, I hope sincerely it will continue to, as your paper is without doubt, one of the finest mediums for a job of this nature.

Respectfully,

L. F. Caulfield
Old Orchard Farm,
Hinsdale, Illinois.

Jockey Club Bureau Continued from Page Twelve

miles), was second in the North Derby and Midland Breeders Foal Plate, and fourth in the St. Leger. He was brought to this country and raced at four winning both starts over jumps, which included the Herculeid Steeplechase at Saratoga by six lengths. At five he won three out of four starts, winning the Manly Memorial at Saratoga (by ten lengths with 161 lbs.), the Grand National at Saratoga (about three miles at 5.40-for new track record), and ran third in the Governor Ogle Steeplechase. After a years' rest he ran at seven, winning the Grand National Steeplechase for the second time, and the Brook Steeplechase,

his only starts. At nine after another years rest he won the Suffolk Steeplechase, ran second once, and third once.

This will bring the number of Jockey Club stallions in stud service in the Genesee Valley to ten, and speaks well for the coming season, as well as the future for the type of colts that have made the Valley famous. **Sailor King** by **Boatswain** was shipped early this season, and brought the blood of his grand sire **Man o'War** to western New York. Late this summer **Capt. James** by **St. James** was the second stallion to be acquired this year, and **Imp. Tourist 2nd.** will bring the total for the year up to three stallions the largest number to be acquired in many years.

PLEASE DON'T CALL LONG DISTANCE THIS CHRISTMAS

It may be the "holiday season" — but war needs the wires that you used to use for Christmas calls.

Long Distance lines are loaded with urgent messages. Extra lines can't be added because copper and other materials are needed for the war.

So — this Christmas please don't send your greetings by Long Distance. Don't make any Long Distance calls unless it's vitally necessary.

WAR CALLS COME FIRST

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WAR and the HORSE



A little news creeps in this week. None of it especially arresting, but it is sort of interesting at that. G. I. Smith, a Colonel, the 9th Cavalry Regiment, noone is better fitted to take it, both from ability and through knowledge of what it takes to handle this really good colored regiment of horsemen. Maybe next spring the regiment will send out a cadre for another regiment. It still seems in the picture that there will be a Division of colored cavalry.

A Lieutenant was heard over the radio from New York, he had just returned, wounded, from Africa. He said he had followed his general into something or other and had been wounded. The whole of what he said was not heard properly, but it was assured that Terry Allen was "his general"—a tough one to follow anywhere, even back in the days when he rode his good mare P. D. Q., over the country back of Eagle Pass, always hard to keep up with.

We may have some dope on the Fighting French and their horsed Cavalry, we know they are active and are hoping to connect up with a story.

A letter from a family of British horsemen and women, here are extracts that will give a picture of their attitude:—"D— has been over 12 months in the Desert and will be now hot in pursuit and thoroughly enjoying the chase. He was ever confident of ultimate victory and wrote back in the summer saying that next time they got cracking it was to be a nonstop run to Tripoli—"take it from me." He reports always fit and well and as far as war will allow, is enjoying it. He loves the heat, and the dust storms are no worse to him than they were in Australia. The new generals were acclaimed absolutely the right men and that has been clearly proved correct. A month since I had a letter, and I do long for one, but realize that when a battle is on there is no time for letterwriting, so I must be patient. He's been most awfully good about writing and scribbles to me under almost impossible conditions." There is a daughter who is in charge of a hospital too, not so far away, but cannot come home for Christmas. The husband is too old for service, so runs a couple of farms, 4 miles apart. She has charge of much refugee work in her village—the sum is, 4 in the family and all hard at it 100 per cent for the effort of winning the war. They used to hunt with Lord Bathurst's they probably

THE DEBT MUST BE PAID

There is a long job ahead, after the Axis acknowledges defeat. The victors can't say:—"Alright Mr. Pole (or any other nations that have been liberated), now you go back and be good, there is your territory, we have won it back for you." That won't work, Mr. Pole will go back and find that there are too many turncoats who stayed at home and sided with the invaders. He will find what the enemy did to his home, to his family to his friends. It has been done, those who did it should have to pay, Mr. Pole will be anxious to make the account square up some. So will the Greeks, the Czechs, the Luxemburgens, all the rest of the little peaceful industrious nations, and why shouldn't they?

will again. What a reward for that boy and girl to come home to!

These boys at O. C. S. are getting to the point where some of them want to be sure they make not only officers, but officers who know the answers when they are graduated. That is a thing that makes good news. It shows that they are learning that it takes a sound basic knowledge of their arm, in order that the men under their command will look up to them—and men must respect their superior officers.

A thought comes to mind, with all the stress of the war in Europe, might it not be possible that Europe has been at a standstill in its horse breeding activities? May it not be probable that there is a woeful shortage of horses, both the draft and the riding types? May it not be possible that the other countries over there, such as Russia in Asia, Australia, Africa, have not been able to breed them as the demand calls for? Then would it not seem probable that this country will be called on to fill a large part of the demand that will arise. If breeding was materially reduced in 1940 and from then on, and many horses must have been casualties—it will mean that there will be many needed. Motor transportation will not be able to meet the shortage, for some years after the world is at peace at any rate. It is something for our people to think about, who are contemplating leaving their mares open this year.

There is a strong movement to bring aid to the Russian War Horses. From the British HORSE AND HOUND, we quote:—"Horses, especially in Russia, with those fearless Cossack jockeys, have often turned the tide of battle, but 'Their's not to reason why—theirs but to do and die' is what men ask of their best friends. They give all and expect so little in return. It is not the bullet or shell which kills, for the horses' Heaven is waiting for them all, as well it might be, but it is the ones that do not that matter. They have no field dressings or water bottles, but must wait till the Army Veterinary Corps come round to relieve their pain. I understand we are doing our utmost in this direction, but it is difficult to get the right stuff at the right place at the right time." The same writer ends up:—"The Russians are having a rough ride, but are cramming their hats on and kicking hell out of the Boche, so stick your hands down in your old pocket and pay—pay, pay! Good hunting blokes and help push out the boat."

Mounted Patrol For Southern East Coast

Word comes that there is to be a chain patrol along the east coast from Wilmington N. C., to Jacksonville, Fla. Apparently the CCC camps will be used, already abandoned by the CCC's of course. These will be torn down and the lumber used to build small huts at various points along the coast. The officer to be in charge, it is reported, will be Lieut.-Commander Juan Ceballos, who at one time was a member of the Squadron A of New York. He has been living at Beaufort, right on the coast from Point Lookout, he must be familiar with coast conditions as a result.

Ceballos made a survey of conditions prior to the establishment of the patrol and his summarization of the situation was that horsemen have advantages over the jeeps, in that they can travel in the dark, without lights. They can travel over soft sand and through water without a good bed. Tides will not affect them, they do not make a noise. Their ability to see is better as they are higher in the air. Lastly, the salt water is most injurious to motors, while it is beneficial to horses.

It is estimated that 500 men will be used for the various details. It is hoped that it will be possible to obtain men who are familiar with horses and their care. It will accelerate the formation of the unit if these are available. It is supposed that the horses will be furnished by the Remount as has already been established.

It will be seen by the map that this line extends north and south of Charleston, Highway 17 running along the same route.

DEMOCRACY

Read a story in Collier's on Crete, —an Englishman and an Aussie—no understanding, one of the other—said the Englishman—"I admit our staff has made blunders—Democracies have a habit of making mistakes, yet they do stand for a sort of freedom. There is such a thing as dying for democracy. You think its wasted: mistakes, inefficiency and all that. But it isn't really."

RIGHT IS MIGHT

During the days of the invasion of Belgium and the exploding of the myths of the Maginot Line, my friend the mail carrier, asked what I thought would be the outcome, for Hitler showed so much power and organization. I said:—"I am a poor hand at going to church, but I know that a man or a nation who will fight, kill, commit the atrocities as the Germans, is bound to end in defeat. The Lord will never allow a straight thinking people to be eliminated by such an atrocious brute and his cohorts—for there is a God."

HORSES ARE EXPENDABLE

The sale of cat meat in England. The New York Times reports from Boston that there is a heavy demand for horse meat in that city. The article says, "the meat is lean and tender." It sells for 25 cents a pound. There were two carloads of 30,000 pounds each sold in a week. A rough guess would be 90 head a week, 4,680 a year. Its better than feeding them and telling the gullible public they are race horses. It may be a thought for the elimination of some of the scrubs, before the owners have too much money in them, and the betting crowd has wasted money through the "windows" on them.

The Fighting French Move North

An Associated Press photograph of the Fighting French cavalry moving into Libya from central Africa. Marching in column of twos, about 20 men to a platoon. The Troop commander ahead on a bald-faced, tough looking pony, his guidon bearer with a long white beard, evidently an Arab, mounted on a black pony. The whole troop armed with rifles slung over their backs, ponies right up on their bits, most of them bald-faced, tough and rough looking, as if they could "take it". They are reported moving up from Lake Chadin, down in the center of the African continent, on into Libya. This brief glimpse gives another spot where horsed cavalry are on the move.

Fort Reno News

The source of all news from Ft. Reno looks forward to each publication with the greatest of interest. Not only for the meager role in it that the R. U. S., etc., play but it is the one contact with the East that we like.

A Thoroughbred horse with the majority out here doesn't mean very much. The really windy ones here are convinced that they have the "Secret Horse" that has been in hiding for the great day. We will always like the East. Maybe they have the best "chaps", "cow boots", etc., but where the money is, they ain't! Where do the best polo ponies, jumpers, chasers, flat horses originate and get trained? Go home would be's we are doing O. K.

Sgt. Charlie Gayer is getting a furlough the 15th of December. Farmers watch out for your children. Also Charlie is planning to hunt Fanny Adams, winner of the heavy-weight at Piedmont last year. The rest of the boys are still going strong and here they are, and we wish all our friends the merriest of Xmas and the best of the year.

Joe Murphy
Paul Geelian
Johnnie Gayer
Bob Evans
Charlie Gayer
Tommy Holloway
Sidney Waters
Tech. Sgt. Teague
(Lt.) George Olixer (Ex.)

and others we hope to have here from the good Old East.

Army Life

The monotony of army life has undoubtedly been somewhat relieved for Lieutenant James R. Kerr, Jr., ex-M. F. H. of Rose Tree, who is stationed somewhere in England. Jimmy writes that he has been hunting with the Cottesmore Hounds and was greatly impressed by a visit to their kennels. He reports that war-time fields are very small, and the Master, who is on active service in England, is fortunately able to hunt hounds himself one day a week.

On The Sick List

Lieut. Commander Robert E. Strawbridge, Jr. of Philadelphia and New York, whose polo activities have won him much renown, has been on sick leave from the Navy for several weeks, but his many friends will be glad to hear that he is now convalescing rapidly and hopes shortly to return to active duty.

With Carribean Sea Frontier

Lieutenant Ford Bowman Draper, formerly of the Vicmead Hunt, but who, since his marriage to Miss Katharine Roosevelt Reeve, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Stanley Reeve, has been hunting with the Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds, is now stationed with the Headquarters of the Carribean Sea Frontier in Puerto Rico.

Horsemastership

By MARGARET deMARTELLY

DRILLING

The word "drill" creates a mental picture of military troops, old glory, regimental flags, and guidons, white halter shanks and saddle cloths, all woven together with the martial music of a band. It is the climax of a long period of training for horse and horseman.

It is, indeed a beautiful and spectacular picture. In reality, however, its benefits can be realized with as few as three horsemen without any of the regalia.

The benefits of riding a horse through intricate drill maneuvers are far reaching. They provide schooling and suppling exercises for the horse and the rider learns to apply the aids automatically. There is nothing, in the process of schooling a horse or rider, that can quite take the place of drilling.

On a frosty morning in the riding hall, the horses will snort and pitch and romp until the first note of a command rings out. Immediately as if by magic, they are interested and submissive. On the surface, it is a game for the horses and for the riders but subconsciously each is learning to do his work; the horse without rebellion and the rider without tenseness or apprehension.

In the first place, the person who gives the commands must do so in a loud, clear, musical voice that inspires immediate obedience and precision.

The enclosure to be used for drilling should be marked, at least on the ends, to designate the various tracks.

The path closest to the outer edge is called the "track". The two end walls are divided into six equal spaces. The distance of the first space from the side wall, is marked with a "dot", the second place with a "stripe" and the center with a "cross". The marks on the fourth and fifth spaces correspond with the second and first marks on the other side. These marks should be large and prominent. Reading them across the ring, they are the track, dot, stripe, cross, dot and track.

The group moves out in column of troopers (single file), four feet from the head of one horse to the croup of the horse ahead. In giving the commands, the drill master indicates whether the column shall execute the turn as troopers (individually) or by twos, threes, fours, etc.

He gives a preparatory command, followed closely by a command of execution. Everyone prepares but no one executes until ordered. The command "forward, march" used in the infantry is probably the most universally known command and therefore a good example. "Forward" is the preparatory command. The soldiers prepare to move forward. "March" is the command of execution. Everyone is ready and at this command, everyone moves forward at exactly the same second. Thus, is precision achieved.

In the cavalry, however, the word

"ho" is used instead of "march". The reason for this is probably that as mounted troops move with greater speed, the officer's voice must carry farther. There are, however, arm commands which can be seen for great distances.

Nevertheless, the cavalry says "ho" and it must play downward over several notes. The custom is an old one, interwoven with our national traditions and the memory of Jeb Stewart and Scott and Sherman and Grant. It therefore is slightly less than sacrilegious to say "Forward, march" to a trooper.

Vocal commands for changing gaits are also given in the manner, (walk, trot or gallop . . . ho! and backward . . . ho!)

On the track to the left the column turns its corners to the left or counter-clockwise. The track to the right is, of course, the reverse.

At the command "change hands" the leader rides around the end of the ring, leaves the track well past the corner and rides diagonally across the ring. Just ahead of the opposite corner they take the track in the opposite direction. Thus he changes from the track to the left to the track to the right hand, followed by the column. There is no command of execution for this movement because it is always done at exactly the same spot.

At a column turn, at a point other than a natural corner, as specified by the drill master, the leader turns, ninety degrees and is followed by the column. The command is "column right" (or left).

A flank turn is also a quarter turn but it is executed individually or in the numbers specified. At the command "troopers, by the left flank . . . ho", the riders turn individually a quarter turn or a ninety degree turn and ride abreast. A horse's length is approximately four feet and there must always be an interval of four feet from head to croup. Therefore, there should be eight feet between riders after they turn by the flank. If they are commanded to turn by threes by the flank, on the track, dot and stripe or the stripe, cross and stripe, they of course ride toward the marks on the opposite wall.

An "about" is a half turn or one hundred eighty degrees. If the command is "left or right about" each rider turns individually, rides in exactly the opposite direction and follows the rider who originally was last.

Circle to the right or left is, of course, a full turn or three hundred sixty degrees.

At an "oblique" the riders move away from the wall at an angle of forty-five degrees. Having established in his mind the difference between a flank, an about, a circle and an oblique, the rider is ready to learn the more intricate movements, the aids required to execute them and their benefits to himself and to his horse.

The ensuing chapter will describe and explain a few of these maneuvers.

TO STALLION OWNERS

The Chronicle has proved its value as an advertising medium. It reaches the owners all over the United States who own broodmares. It is read from cover to cover. The interests of The Chronicle are in the advancement of good horse breeding, ownership and use. We offer special rates to season advertisers of stallions. We suggest you fill your book early. The Chronicle can help you.

Goldens Bridge

Continued from page One

work, the kind of hound work that interests the real foxhunter. We hacked home just as darkness descended.

Thanksgiving Day

A field of 20 met at Dongle Ridge Farm at 10 A. M. Hounds were cast in Dongle Ridge and found in about three minutes after moving off on wood on the Waccabuc Land Company's property. This evidently was a vixen as it only ran 20 minutes and went to earth in an open alfalfa field on David Vall's farm near North Salem. While running this fox on, the huntsman, crossing a brook, saw a fresh fox track with a bit of muddy water in one foot mark, so we left the earth and rode hounds back where we picked up the line and jumped this big "visitor" in Merry's wood, running over Mr. Cornelius Lee's farm, crossed Sawmill Road in Connecticut, over Shannon's Hill (large woodland overlooking the Danbury Fair Grounds) where hounds really ran away from us, as after two days of rain, the going was deep and hard for horses to keep up. We finally caught up with the pack on the Harry Mallory Farm where this old red decided he had gone far enough. As for the field, we had a 9 mile hack back to the kennels and a Thanksgiving turkey awaiting us. The run was about 2 hours and every hunter in at the finish voted a very fine day and hunt to be thankful for.

Saturday, November 28

The meet was at Star Ridge at 10 A. M. and after drawing Vreelands wood and Storms with no result, we cast in Peach Lake swamp where a large red broke out of the south side and headed toward the kennel country. Hounds ran fast until they crossed Bloomerside Golf Course when a high wind made it very hard to keep the line. Hounds were called across the course where the wind was not so strong and hounds ran fast to edge of Peach Lake and then back along the edge of the lake to starting point, north over B. O. Nichols, crossing Route 6 near "Marlo's", headed for Joe's Hill (which we try to avoid) where the fox had taken to the Railroad tracks of New York, New Haven and Hartford Line, and while hounds were carrying the line, we picked them up as freight trains were approaching. We cast over via Vall's where we quickly found another big red and ran over the land formerly owned by J. C. Bolger, the late Commander Edward Spafford's 8 Bells Farm, and finally the wind became so intense on the hilltops, the Master persuaded our efficient huntsman, Ben, to call hounds and go in, after 5 hours of good hunting.

Sunday, November 29

We met at the Master's Rock Ridge Farm and found immediately after casting on Gilbert Lobdell's farm, the fox going to earth on John Meldrum's when hounds rioted on deer. They were taken off at once and we found our second fox, a large red on Walter Howe's farm, and after circling twice around the swamp, broke out over Lobdell's and viewed across Meldrum's meadows — running right through a herd of cattle over June Farm, where he went to earth on June's Farm overlooking the old Van's Pavillion. Then we had our first real deer rioting of the season as 5 deer crossed over the road in front of the pack. While we were busy getting in front of the pack, a nice big red fox awakened from his Sabbath slumber on a ledge in Watta-

Final Results Of Annual Carolina Beagle Trials

What was scheduled to be a five-day field trial turned into six at the third annual Carolina Beagle Club Field Trials, Greensboro, North Carolina.

The results of the first four events were written up in the December 4 issue, leaving the two 13-inch classes still to be run off.

The 13-inch all-age bitch class was judged on Thursday, November 19, but with 52 entries, many more than had been expected, it ran well into the morning of the last day. Russell's Tone, owned by James G. Exum, of Snow Hill, was the winner in this good class with Gray Bar Peggy, owned by Wallace Jones of Meridan, N. H., runner up. Third went to Shady Lawn Fanny, also owned by Exum.

The finale, 13-inch all-age dog stakes, was started on Friday, but an extra day had to be added in order to complete it. Peerless Sport, owned by Charles E. Weston of Greensboro, captured top honors, trailed by Congamond Timber, owned by William Abrahams of Southwick, Mass. Yellow Creek Harry, owned by Mike Barrow, of Mayodan, placed third.

The bench show was held on Thursday night, at which Contentnea Jackson, owned by Paul McGhee of Durham, walked off with two prizes. He was chosen for best dog in the show and also won the 15-inch dog class. Contentnea Nifty, owned by J. G. Exum, won the 13-inch bitch class and Yellow Creek Dick won the 13-inch male division. There was no competition in the 15-inch bitch class.

Here ended one of the most successful trials in the history of the Carolina Beagle Club, with 184 entries, far surpassing the estimated number of 150 before the trial opened. It is also the last big trial that will be held for the duration.

Summaries

13-inch all-age bitch class—1. Russell's Tone, James G. Exum, Snow Hill; 2. Gray Bar Peggy, Wallace Jones, Meridan, N. H.; 3. Shady Lawn Fanny, James G. Exum; 4. Della Travelling; 5. Ura Wade, Mike Barrow, Mayodan.

13-inch all-age dog class—1. Weston's Peerless Sport, Charles E. Weston, Greensboro; 2. Congamond Timber, William Abrahams, Southwick, Mass.; 3. Yellow Creek Harry, Mike Barrow, Mayodan; 4. Piedmont Vender 2nd, Fred Huyler, Gladstone, N. J.; 5. Schlesler's Sport, Charles Schlesler, Pennington, N. J.

buc Wood, bounding almost parallel with the 5 deer, we lifted hounds (now raining quite hard) and called it a day. Not the best of the season by any means—must take the bitter with the sweet while hunting, sometimes. The sport has been excellent during the month, with several runs of three hours duration. Fox hunting visitor with us today, was Ensign Paul Fox, U. S. N. R., formerly a steeplechase rider of the Myopia Hunt, guest of Honorary Secretary Frederic P. Warfield, and Mr. Philip L. Bondy, with the British Admiralty Delegation, Field Master Daniel M. McKeon, Mr. Richard I. Parish, Jr., Honorary Whipper-in and R. Laurence Parish, M. F. H., Mesdames: R. Laurence Parish, Anzie B. S. Mead, Philip L. Bondy and William C. Browning.—The Tatler and Ben Hur.

Rose Tree

Continued from Page Six

I have a faster, wilder ride, up and down hills, across fields, and over fences. Neither Gooney nor I had hunted for a month, but Gooney like Crow adored this abandoned hell for leather flight. Finally after running parallel with the pack, "Buck", Donald Wetzel, temporary Whipper-in, Louis and I made a sharp right turn and ran directly in front of the scent mad hounds. We then wheeled straight into the pack. What with horses, horn, whips, and wild yells, for a moment we thought we had them turned. Alas, three hounds broke away and, in spite of "Buck" and Donald's and Louis' valiant efforts and unrepeatable imprecations, the rest followed. I wasn't much use, for Gooney definitely objected to rushing in on top of hounds. "No use!" cried "Buck" in despair. "No use either in killing our horses," he added. Or a lady! thought I. After three weeks of soft living I was only too ready to pull out. The check, it seemed, gave the doe a good lead, and later "Buck" and Donald whipped hounds off.

Saturday the 28th the field met at Locksley Mills at 10 o'clock. The field followed through the Glen Mills woods, on a left turn, across the road over the fields and into the woods east of the school, and back on a wide loop across the fields into the north woods. It was cold and very windy. After about an hour without even a whisper Stuart Rose remarked, "Not very encouraging—this wind." "If you just give up," I suggested, "and say, 'Not a chance today—no scent—wind too high, you may get a run right away.' 'Let's try it', he said, 'jinx 'em! Both say - - - -' and we duetted "Not a chance today—no scent—wind too high." From the piggery we followed on left across the field into a bottom over a trappy barway up the hill hugging the edge of the woods for shelter from the cold wind that swept across the fields. No more than five minutes after our duet, hounds gave tongue in the woods to the left, at first uncertainty, then with a rising note of hope, finally into a crescendo of music, confident and assured, and we, as well as they, were going, going, going away! And at what a pace—the wind's pace—we swung down that long steep quarry hill to the railroad track and to the road. But where had hounds gone? We could not hear them. Had the wind spirited them away? But listen! Was that a faint echo of music ahead? We whirled on towards Sleighton Farm, and after a mad gallop up the road and into a field we viewed the pack sweeping from the woods across the field and then turn left into the farther woods. I don't know the names of the country roads over which we dizzily galloped up and down. I remember once as we galloped abreast Stuart Rose's calling, "We did it, didn't we? Our jinx worked." We didn't catch breath for fifty-five minutes until, after speeding across the big field in front of Claude Rain's place and down the road, we checked at the bridge over the creek. Louis said King Ashe, the King Arthur five-year-old he was riding, had had enough. So had I! but Crow was having such a heavenly time I hated to pull out—that run and the Thanksgiving doe hunt were his idea of the American way of life!—but it was now or never. The minute hounds picked up the line I'd never have the character to go. Speedily, therefore, we headed home.

As we neared the Snow's place—Hark—was that music? We checked and listened. To the left about seven couples of hounds came chorusing across the field noses to the ground and mouths to high heaven (how do they manage it?) They crossed the road in front of us and swung down into the meadow to our right. At the crest of the hill they turned right, back evidently towards the Glen Mills woods. Two colored men on the road were in a dither of excitement. They had viewed the fox all the way from the Snow's field across the road into the meadow. "He jes' stops at the top of dat yonder hill," said the older darkey, "he looks back, he turns his head this a-way and that-away, then he jes' picks up and goes on, kind o' keerless like." Obviously the pack had divided. Later I learned that the rest of the pack picked up the line of a deer. These hounds evidently—the conclusion seems logical—clung to the line of our original fox.

- Dec. 1st. Not blank but almost.
- Dec. 3rd. Blank (But not for me! That was the day I mixed Bristol Cream and Amontillado!)
- Dec. 5th. Hounds met at Mr. Snow's gate at 10 o'clock. Very cold. High wind. Ground frozen—like

concrete. Only halfwits, the field of twelve agreed, would come out on such a day. But who ever said fox-hunters weren't halfwits? They choose to be! But with the frozen ground and high wind could hounds carry the line if they found? Not until nearly two o'clock, after a long halfmoon loop through Gradyville woods, Pickering, Rawle Farm, Chestnut Sprouts, and Hunting Hill with several abortive starts, did hounds find in John Mullin's a line they could carry. This line they carried, not speedily but by dint of conscientious effort, to Yearsley Hollow. A forty-five minute run. Excellent hound work. Here the pack picked up the line of a deer. Perhaps, because they were a bit weary after their long trek over frozen ground, "Buck" Heller and Alex Atkinson, temporary whipper-in, whipped them off without too much difficulty. Hounds have been working well, but the deer have hampered them considerably. Their higher, heavier scent naturally makes hounds less keen for fox lines. We are grateful indeed that at last an "open season" has been declared for Delaware County December 1st to 15th. Happy Christmas to all good fox-hunters, their hounds and horses and stout-hearted foxes!—P. G. G.

Cat's Meat Trade

The following is from the Irish Field of October 24, 1942, and was sent us by Harry Worcester Smith, Esq., who is ever supplying us with interesting matter for publication. In a London newspaper this week the following paragraph appeared on the front page:—"At the opening of the Newmarket Bloodstock sales a firm of horse slaughterers were among the bidders. They bought three lots for a total of 27 guineas." That is not important news, but it is unique news. One can venture to say that a similar report has never appeared anywhere since bloodstock sales in England began a few centuries ago. It also modified something that was written here a few weeks ago about there being no bottom to the bloodstock market. Apparently there is a bottom—in the cat's meat trade.

HOUND PUPS

I would like to know if you know of any individuals or kennels (hunt) that may be disposing of good fox-hound puppies now. If so will you please inform me at your convenience. Vernon McClelland, P. O. Box 416, Talladega, Alabama.



Merry Christmas
and
The Best of Sport For 1943



Please send THE CHRONICLE to the following friends at \$3.00 per year to whom a Christmas card with greetings will be sent upon receipt of this order.

Bill my account () () Cash enclosed

SIGNED _____
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Shoeing and Horse Shoes

Horse Shoes May Become Problem For Horse Men

There seem to be every probability that the handwriting on the wall will grow into a serious problem for hunting men and people who use horses just for pleasure. Undoubtedly many of them have a store of shoes against a "rainy day", but not all of them have had the foresight to so prepare.

First of all as to what seems to be likely. After making inquiries in different directions, where reliable information is forthcoming, this seems to size up the situation. Before going on, let this sink in, this is not "space filler", there is never any need of it, just look at the hooks at the back of this desk.

There is no doubt but that bullets must come before horseshoes, that business must come before pleasure, the business at this time being the war; that we have a terrible number of horses that can't be used for business, they are not fitted for it. There is no doubt that there are a lot of horses that could be used for business which are not. That there is a lot of business to do, in order to raise all the food that the government wants raised this coming year. There is some question as to whether there are enough horses and mules for business, raised for that purpose, in the areas where they are to be used. On the other hand there are horses, originally intended for pleasure, that could be used for business, without change of ownership or at any rate moving from one geographical spot to another.

Take an example, a man has some acreage to plow, much acreage to make hay off, to winter feed his cattle, which will grow on to beef. He is short on horses, or mules, he is a hunting man, has several horses that go to hounds, or are ridden by himself, his family or his friends. He has the power to do the farm work, without adding to his horse ownership. If he will let those horses go to work, he will be aiding the business.

On the other hand, a man has several ponies and horses that are not working, they are all good for their own uses and there are no particular jobs that they have to do in a business way where they are. If they are left out at pasture, providing that pasture is not needed for cattle, they are a wise reserve to hold on to. They need no shoes, or feed that should go to stock for food production.

It is all an intricate problem, but, if all owners will earnestly make the effort to put their horses to work, or else eliminate them from being a drain on a vital need, then they will have a leg to stand on in the appeal for consideration when it comes to shoes. But the owner who shows horses all season, then turns them out and probably feeds them some grain, till next season, cannot expect to get consideration for shoes. He is just taking iron away from those who should have it, those who are genuinely using their horses for business benefit, which is war effort.

This is not an attempt to talk to racehorse men, it is not the function of The Chronicle to do so, at the

Horseshoer's School At Fort Riley

We read with interest Mr. W. A. Laing's suggestion about training horseshoers at The Cavalry School. It should please Mr. Laing to know that the Horseshoers' School at Fort Riley is carrying on now as it has for the past twenty-five years, training young men of the Army of the U. S. to become efficient horseshoers.

Classes of fifty enter the Horseshoers' School every six weeks. Each course is of twelve weeks' duration and is divided into theoretical and practical instruction. The greater part of the course is carried on in the Shoeing Shop, actually preparing feet and shoeing horses.

Mr. F. G. Churchill is carrying on as the Senior Instructor. In June of 1943 he completes his thirty-ninth year of service as instructor in horseshoeing with The Cavalry School. He is a tradition at Riley and his deep personal and official interest in perfecting methods of shoeing has done much to improve this old and honored trade. Graduates of The Cavalry School for the last quarter of a century, who return, never fail to make a trip to the Shoeing Shop to pay their respects to Mr. Churchill, who is recognized as one of the most faithful civil servants the Cavalry branch of the Army has ever known. John C. MacDonald, Colonel Cavalry, Ass't. Commandant, Cavalry School, Fort Riley.

Shoes And The Hunter

There is the thought that hunting men might be affected by the shoe shortage. While this is possible, there is a good reason for hunting to carry on, from the point of view of morale and the maintaining of a feeling of solidarity at home. This has all been stressed by leading men in the government service, through the columns of this paper. Besides, when the hunting season is over, there is plenty of grass, hunters can be turned out with little or no draining of the feeds needed for fattening beef. They have done their service for their riders and for their country's good. At the same time, it will do many hunters no harm to go on and work against a pole or between the shafts, when an extra horse is needed, many of them will. One does not have to consider if the hunter is a "using horse", he is, always has been. Before the days of cars, he had his hunting days. In England, and his days to go to market—he was equally useful at both jobs.

This however is not intended to include showring, conformation hunters, who never see the sterns of a good pack.

The pre-motor days are somewhat here, hunters generally have the disposition to go back and fill the utility bill again, they will be earning their shoes.

using horse owner this conglomeration of thoughts is aimed. There they are, you horse owners think them over, do what you will, after all, he is your horse. But, if you don't put him to work; don't go and head a committee to wait on the Secretary of Agriculture to see why you cannot get shoes for your horse.

Blacksmith Shortage Is Getting Serious In Great Britain

By J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH

From the versatile Fairfax Blakeborough we have been able to look over our neighbour's fence and see something of the situation in England, where they have gone through the "school of hard-knocks." The shortage of farriers which he laments is answered by word from Colonel Macdonald. The rate of instruction at the Cavalry School amounts to 425 horseshoers a year, a figure that can be classed as helpful, to say the least of it. There is a good blacksmith across the road from this office. He told me the other day that he would not shoe horses any more. He had plenty of work with machinery, he did not like shoeing anyway. There should be some way of making it mandatory for men who have the ability to shoe horses to do so, it is a war assistance that should be reckoned on.

Recently when my boy's cob was taken to the village forge it was found that the blacksmith had that morning been found dead. There used to be at least three other blacksmiths in this village, now there is neither master smith, journeyman, nor apprentice. The nearest forge is three miles away, and the farrier whose end came so suddenly, went so many days a week to neighbouring smithies which for some time have not been able to employ a man on full time. Not so long ago these same (now) one-day a week forges kept busy at least two or three men and an apprentice. The widow of the smith mentioned will no doubt endeavour to sell the business and what is known as the "good-will", but it is a question where a spare smith is to be found. The same story is heard from all over Great Britain:—"Blacksmith's shops closed, no apprentices being trained at the few functioning, no lads attracted to horse-shoeing, machinery and repairing farm implements being the interest of those few who remain in the villages. Even in Ireland it is stated that a set of shoes costs over £1 owing to the price of shoe-iron. Recently the National Master Farriers and Blacksmiths and the Amalgamated Society of Farriers and Blacksmiths, met and passed the following resolution:

The representatives of employers of farriers and members of the employees' society, view with concern the shortage of farriers throughout the country, and urge Governmental enquiry to remedy the existing state of affairs in view of the fact that its continuance will prejudice the war effort by impeding horse transport and agriculture. We are of opinion that there should be an immediate registration of all who make a living by shoeing horses, and that there should be fixed minimum prices to prevent the trade becoming obsolete.

It is difficult to see what good would come by a Government enquiry. If the trade does not appeal to this generation, youths cannot be compelled to apprentice themselves to it. For some time it has been sadly obvious that horse-shoeing has declined to such an extent that half the smithies in rural areas have closed their doors, whilst the

remainder have been adapted to other work. Shoeing horses is not every man's job. Apart from the skill, and the necessary knowledge of horse's feet, it requires an understanding of equine temperament, together with patience and strength. Yet I have heard of at least one woman blacksmith tackling shoeing and coping with those big heavy horses which sometimes seem to lean all their weight on the smith when he has one of their legs up. There are other women assisting in smithies, just as women are doing almost everything on the land and about farm buildings. The other day I was told that Miss E. Adams has been doing carting work on her father's farm at Whitwell, near Malton, with a bull between the shafts. I have never before heard of a girl working a bull, although I remember one who, in her father's absence, managed matters when visitors came to her father's stud bull, and I also knew a spinster in the Kirbymoorside district who rode and travelled, a stallion. Reverting, a blacksmith's shop is, after all, not the most desirable place for six months in the year, and it is in recent times only that smiths were paid a decent price for their skill and labour. One much regrets the passing of the village smithies, but it seems inevitable except in cases where up-to-date plant has been installed to meet present day evolution and demands. Even so, the sons of many farmers are now mechanically minded, and are themselves able to do repairs to implements and to get spare parts. The present situation—shortage of smiths and high price of horse shoes—has resulted in lots of horses being worked unshod on the land. Incidentally there is a better trade for horses than for some years.

GEORGE H. POEHLMANN, JR.
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HORSE SHOW MANAGEMENT
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THE HOMESTEAD, a 650-room hotel on its own mountain estate in the Virginia Alleghenies, is just overnight from you on the Chesapeake & Ohio Lines. Address inquiries to THE HOMESTEAD, Hot Springs, Virginia.



In The Country:-



Wisdom's Gate

Mrs. Dorothy Patterson has purchased the 5-year-old **Wisdom's Gate**, (Good Advice—Sun Kiss, by Peep o'Day), from Mrs. W. Haggin Perry, Kaswick, Va. One of the outstanding hunters in the country, **Wisdom's Gate** has also been shown successfully by Mrs. Perry. Mrs. Patterson is a regular with Orange County and the new hunter should prove very successful.

The Irondequoit Spur Club

The Irondequoit (N. Y.) Spur Club reelected Edwin Gesel president at its annual meeting on the first Monday in December. Mr. Kesel is the only president the club has had and now is beginning his fourth term in office. Frank E. Plante was elected vice-president, Mrs. Charles F. Otis, treasurer; Mrs. Harold Rauber, Norman Hatfield, and Mrs. Donald Hallauer were elected to the three secretarieships. To the board of trustees went: Frank E. Plante, Donald Hallauer, Rowland Brown, Henry Kroes, and Edward Dickinson. Irondequoit is a suburb of Rochester with about two and a half miles front on the south shore of Lake Ontario and a north-south line of about four miles. It has no major business district but at the intersections of its main highways there are groups of stores, banks, neighborhood theatres, schools and churches. Rochester's beautiful, lake front park, Durand-Eastman, the gift of the late George Durand and the late George Eastman,

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

The Chronicle welcomes the following as new subscribers for the week of December 14, 1942.

George Utterback, Maryland
Captain Frederic C. Thomas, South Carolina
Mrs. Robert Lee Riggs, Jr., Maryland
Captain David L. Rose, Kansas
George W. Hoblin, New York
James C. Shanahan, Connecticut
Miss Mabel A. Owen, Massachusetts
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Shirley Rousseau, California
Dorothy and Jimmie Strohm, California
Mrs. Kitty Barnett, South Carolina
Pvt. George P. Barnes, Kansas
Normal Hall, Massachusetts

is in Irondequoit and famous for its bridle trails, golf course, bath houses, wild game preserves and zoo. The club mentioned has one hundred members and holds regular meetings each month.

Will Discontinue For Duration

The Aldie, Virginia Horse Show will be discontinued for the duration. In past years the Parent Teachers' Association has used this means of raising funds for their various educational activities, a good thought for others.

Greer At Warren

Chris Greer is at Fort F. E. Warren, Wyoming, at OCS, the post commander is a one-time cavalryman, which, added to the fact that Colonel McEnery of army hunting repute is also there, should make it a "home atmosphere" for the Uppervillean.

Horse Selling

Good hunters are still selling, and at prices that are not causing the sellers to grumble. It is probably a question of knowing where and who. This can be vouched for at Middleburg, Va.

Charles Town

"It is a wonder to me where they come from and how they get there, but there are good crowds and the betting is worth while. A lot better classes of horses than in previous years, too." So states one of the officials of the track, who has no financial interest in the Jockey Club of the West Virginia town either.

Denver Show

There will be a National stock show, horse show and rodeo at Denver, Colorado in January, the date we have written to find out about, also more news of the big event. Denver is well situated for all 3 of these meetings, being geographically situated to be able to draw contestants for all the shows. Both Miss Hildegard Neil and Mrs. Margaret P. Leonard will report for us, they are both excellent at it.

Racing Commission Member

Lewis E. Waring, president of the United Hunts Racing Association since 1941, has been appointed a member of the New Jersey State Racing Commission. Mr. Waring, who has been identified with Thoroughbred racing, steeplechasing horse shows and other equitation activities all his life, will enter upon his new duties immediately. Under Mr. Waring's guidance as president, the United Hunts has reached the peak of its success, both financially and from the racing angle, and during the past year financially assisted five other hunt associations, which otherwise would not have held meets.

New Stallion To Indiana

Ferncroft, bay, 1934, by Republic out of the Ballot mare, Carry Me, has been leased to H. A. Newell, Dillsboro, Indiana by S. P. and F. Becker. Ferncroft stood at the Becker's Hopeful Stock Farm, Florence, Kentucky during the 1942 season. The remaining stallion at Hopeful Stock Farm is Beau Tod, brown, 1931 by Imp. Axenstein—Trip Lightly, by Ultimous who stands at the fee of \$100.00.

Hold Good, Stout Foxes

Lieutenant Alfred Bissel, of Wilmington, whose coverts in the Cheshire hunting country beyond Unionville, Pa., are usually a sure find for Mr. Stewart's hounds, have, as usual, held good, stout foxes thus far this season, despite the fact that their owner is on active service with the Army.

Breaks Collar Bone

Mr. Alexander Sellers, of Media, Penna., had the misfortune to break his collar bone on a recent hunt with the country's oldest pack, the Rose Tree, of which he is M. F. H.

Stationed At Waco, Texas

Captain Campbell (Ted) Weir, of Wilmington, Delaware, previously one of the regulars with Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds at Unionville, is stationed at Waco, Texas, with the aviation forces. Captain Weir is a graduate of West Point, but was never in active service until the present emergency.

MIDDLEBURG HUNT

Middleburg,
Loudoun County,
Virginia.
Established 1906.
Recognized 1908.



Wednesday, December 9

The Chronicle wasn't in the field today and called on Huntsman Maddux to give a few notes. The meet was at Philomont at 1:00 p. m. Hounds drew for quite awhile without success, then started a red fox on the old Young Bros' farm, and killed him on Mt. Gilead. They drew back toward the Bowes farm and started a fox on Crighton's. Hounds carried him from there to the Utopia farm and the pack split. As the wind was blowing, hounds went out of hearing and the field called it a day. Hounds came in from Wednesday to Friday night, some arriving in time to rest up a bit before Saturday's meet.

Saturday, December 12

A good field was on hand for the one o'clock meet at Middleburg. The girls from Foxcroft were having their last meet until after the holiday season. It was good to see Mrs. Fanny Whitfield Bidstrup back at her old job of Honorary Whipper-in.

Hounds drew over Sunny Bank and started a gray on the Metcalf farm. The gray lingered too long in a most inaccessible briar patch so hounds drew off the Metcalf farm to Mrs. Fairfax's where two reds were viewed. One provided a short run and then hounds drew across to the Davy farm. Some of the field pulled out here and headed for home, only to learn later that they had missed a good run.

Hounds drew across Dr. Bob Humphrey's and there started a gray. They ran off the gray onto a red on Mr. Fred's place near Mountville. After a good, fast run of about an hour, the red went to ground at Francis Mill on the Connors' farm.

Wednesday, December 16

A few braved the cold wind and weather today and met at New Ford. Hounds drew for about 2 hours and started a gray on Goodstone. After circling for about 20 minutes, the elements finally won and everyone called it a day.

Colonel Clifton Lisle Tells Of A Cubhunting Morning In Iceland

By J. STANLEY REEVE

A dyed-in-the-wool foxhunter is pretty apt to get a bit of sport wherever he may happen to be, and just at the moment quite a lot of them are in the furthestmost parts of the earth. A recent letter from Colonel Clifton Lisle, who has been a follower of the Radnor Hounds of Pennsylvania for many years, tells of a cubhunting morning in Iceland, where he is stationed. Apparently the Iceland natives catch the cubs alive and raise them for the pelts. Vixens on that cold and cheerless island lay up their cubs in rocky dens in the hills along the coast, where the larger part of their food supply consists of dead fish. As it is quite impossible to dig these cubs out, the Icelanders attach a cod-fish head to a fish hook and work the line into the earth. The cub apparently takes the cod head at once, and after a few moments gets caught on the hook, when it is quite easy to pull him out. Colonel Lisle reports the hook is easily removed with very little damage to the cub and he is quite well again in a day or so, and passes the remainder of his life carefully tended in a pen, until his pelt is ready for the market.

MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS

Syosset, Long Island,
New York.
Established 1877.
Recognized 1894.
Operated and maintained
by Meadow Brook Club,
Westbury, Long Island,
about 9 miles from kennels.



DECEMBER

The Meadow Brook Hounds will go out hunting, weather and other conditions permitting.

Sat., Dec. 19th, The Kennels, 2:00 P. M.

Tues., Dec. 22nd, Mr. Henry Obre's, 10:00 A. M. (Children's Hunt).

Sat., Dec. 26th, Mr. Charles A. Moore's Gate, 11:00 A. M.

Tues., Dec. 29th, Underhill's Farm, 10:00 A. M. (Children's Hunt).

Please note Children's Hunts are included, as we do not have sufficient hunt horses to mount extra Children's Hunts this year. Also to meet the requests of some subscribers, we are trying two afternoon hunts in spite of the labor problems involved with the later hours.

By direction of the Masters,

Marjorie Hewlett,
Acting Secretary.

Letters To Editor

Continued from Page Ten

Wide Circulation

Dear Sirs:

Thank you very much for publishing my letter in a recent edition of your paper. I have had a number of inquiries in regard to **Cloth o'Gold** and am turning him over to Mrs. R. W. Mitchell, at the Briar Patch, Hilton Village, Virginia.

Letters and telegrams were received from Massachusetts, New York, Colorado and Texas, which shows a wide circulation of your paper.

With kind regards and best wishes,

Sincerely,
H. Rozier Dulany, Jr.
Washington, D. C.

CLASSIFIED C-ADS-D

We are perfectly confident when we tell you that our advertising produces results. Inquiries about any classified advertising come in just as soon as the paper is received, either by wire or mail, and even long distance (before this means was discouraged). We know of no better medium for your "wants" or "offers for sale", the element of chance is reduced to a minimum.

EX-BRITISH OFFICER—Thoroughly experienced with hounds. First class instructor. Wishes position either private, club or school. Box 32, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va. 1t pd.

FOR SALE—Home in Blue Ridge Foothills, 200 productive acres, blue grass, water, woodland, plank fences, hunter stable, barns, farm equipment. Registered Hereford sire, 22 bred cows, and winter feed. Complete at \$35,000. Phone 690 or write Stevens & Barkley, Incorporated, Brokers, Charlottesville, Va. 12-4-18 chg.

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